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Beaumont & Fletcher

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339 Beaumont (F.) and J. Fletcher, The Maides Tragedie, *fourth impression, woodcut on title*, 1638—Fletcher (J.) Elder Brother, a Comedie, Acted at the Black Friers, &c. 1637—Bloody Brother, a Tragedy, 1639 (3)

340 Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays: Maids Tragedy, 1704—Humourous Lieutenant, 1717 — Beggar's Bush, a Comedy, 1717; and others by the same (10)

341 Behn (Mrs. A.) Various Plays, *mostly first editions, some duplicates, several very scarce* (13)

342 Belchier (D.) Hans Beere-Pot, his invisible Comedie of See me, and see me not. Acted in the Low Countries by an honest Company of Health Drinkers, *MS. neatly* 1618-18—

331. [——] The Bloody Brother. A Tragedy. By B. J. F. Small 4to, full crimson crushed levant morocco, gilt, inside gilt dentelle borders, gilt edges, by BEDFORD.

London: Printed by R. Bishop, for Thomas Allott, and Iohn Crook, 1639

THE RARE GENUINE FIRST EDITION. The second edition was published the following year under the title, "Rollo, Duke of Normandy". In Act V, Scene II, is the famous song "Take, Oh take those lips away" which appears also, with two very trifling variations, in Act IV, Scene I, of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure". Only the first stanza is included by Shakespeare, but the second, beginning "Hide, Oh hide those hils of Snow", is printed in this book and in the spurious edition of Shakespeare's poems, 1640. Much critical speculation has raged around the authorship of the poem. Boswell was in-

THE BLOODY BROTHER.

A Tragedy.

By *B. J. F.*

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Bishop*, for *Thomas Allott*, and *John Crook*,
and are to be sold in Pauls Churchyard, at the signe
of the Greyhound 1639.

XG
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J. H. Barton
Nov. 15, 1937
A

Drammatis personæ.

Rollo, } Brothers, Dukes of *Normandy*.
Otto, }

Aubrey, their kinsman.
Gisbert, the Chancellour.
Baldwin, the Princes Tutour.

Grandpree, } Captaines, of *Rollo's* faction.
Verdon, }

Treville, } Captaines, of *Otto's* faction.
Duprete, }

Latorch, *Rollo's* Earewig.
Hamond, Captaine of the Guard to *Rollo*.
Allan, his Brother.

Norbrett, }
L'Fisk, }
Rufee, } Five cheating Rogues.
De Bube, }
Pipeau, }

Cooke,
Yeoman of the Seller,
Butler,
Pantler,
Sophia, mother to the Dukes.
Matilda, her daughter.
Edith, daughter to *Baldwin*.

Lords.
Sheriffe.
Guard.
Officers.
Boyes

The drinking Song, to the second Act.

Drink to day and drowne all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not doe it to morrow.
Best while you have it use your breath,
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure gainst age but it.
It helps the head-ach, cough and tissick,
And is for all diseases Physick.

Then let us swill boyes for our health,
Who drinks well, loves the common wealth.
And he that will to bed goe sober,
Falls with the leafe still in October.

Finis.

THE BLOODY BROTHER.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter *Gisbert* and Baldwin.

THe brothers thenare mett?

Gif. They are, ſir.

Bald. 'Tis thought, they may be reconcil'd.

Gif. Tis rather wiſh't, for ſuch, whoſe reaſon doth direct their thoughts without ſelfe flattery, dare not hope it, *Baldwin.*

The fires of Love, which the dead Duke beleev'd
His equall care of both would have united,
Ambition hath divided: and there are
Too many on both parts, that know they cannot
Or riſe to wealth or honour, their maine ends,
Unleſſe the tempeſt of the Princes fury
Make troubled ſeas, and thoſe ſeas yeeld fit billowes
In their bad arts to give way to a calme,

Which yeilding rest and good, prove their ruine,
And in the shipwrack of their hopes and fortunes,
The Dukedome might be sav'd, had it but ten
That stood affected to the generall good,
With that confirm'd zeale which brave *Aubrey* does.

Gis. Hee is indeed the perfect character
Of a good man, and so his actions speak him.

Bald. But did you observe the many doubts, and cautions
The brothers stood upon before they mett?

Gis. I did; and yet, that ever brother should
Stand on more nice termes, than sworn enemies
After a warre proclaim'd, would with a stranger
Wrong the reporters credit; they saluted
At distance; and so strong was the suspition
Each had of other, that before they durst
Embrace, they were by sev'rall servants searcht,
As doubting conceal'd weapons, antidotes
Tane openly by both, fearing the roome
Appoynted for the enter-view was poyson'd,
The chaires, and cushions, with like care survay'd;
And in a word in every circumstance
So jealous on both parts, that it is more
Than to be fear'd, Concord can never joyne
Minds so divided.

Bald. Yet our best endeavours
Should not bee wanting, *Gisbert*.

Gis. Neither shall they. Ent. *Grandpree* and *Verdon*.
But what are these?

Bald. They are without my knowledge;
But by their Manners, and Behaviours,
They should expresse themselves.

Grand. Since wee serve *Rollo*
The Elder brother, we'le be *Rollians*,
Who will maintaine us, lads, as brave as *Romans*;
You stand for him?

Ver. I doe.

Grand. Why, then observe

How

How much the buſineſſe, your ſo long'd for buſineſſe,
By men that are nam'd from their ſwords concernes you.
Lechery, our common freind, ſo long kept under,
With whips, and beating fatall hemps, ſhall riſe,
And bawdery, in a French-hood plead, before her
Virginity ſhall be carted.

Ver. Excellent!

Grand. And Hell but grant, the quarrell that's betweene
The Princes may continue, and the buſineſſe
That's of the ſword, t'outlaſt three ſuits in Law,
And we will make Atturnies lanſpriſadoes,
And our brave gown-men practiſers of back-ſword;
The pewter of all Serjeants maces ſhall
Be melted, and turn'd into common flaggons,
In which it ſhall be lawfull to carouſe
To their moſt lowſie fortunes.

Bald. Here's a Stateſman.

Grand. A creditor ſhall not dare, but by petition,
To make demand of any debt; and that
Only once every leap-yeere, in which, if
The debtor may be won for a French crowne
To pay a Soulz, hee ſhall be regiſtred
His benefactor.

Ver. The Chancellor heares you.

Grand. Feare not, I now dare ſpeak as loud as hee,
And will be heard, and have all I ſpeak, Law;
Have you no eyes? there is a reverence due,
From children of the Gown, to men of Action:
How's this?

Grand. Even ſo; the times, the times are chang'd;
All buſineſſe is not now preferrd in parchment,
Nor ſhall a grant paſſe that wants this broad ſeale;
This ſeale d'ye ſee? your gravity once layd
My head and heeles together in the dungeon,
For cracking a ſcall'd officers crowne, for which
A time is come for vengeance, and expect it;
For know, you have not full three houres to live.

Gis. Yes, somewhat longer.
Gran. To what end?
Gis. To hang you; think on that Ruffian.
Gran. For you, schoolemaster,
You have a pretty daughter; let me see,
Neere three a clock, (by which time I much feare,
I shall be tyrd with killing some five hundred)
Provide a bath, and her to entertaine me,
And that shall be your ransome.
Bald. Impudent Rascall. *Enter to them Treville*
Gis. More of the crew. *and Duprete,*
Gran. What are you? *Rollians?*
Tre. No; this for *Rollo*, and all such as serve him;
We stand for *Otto*.
Gran. You seeme men of fashion,
And therefore I'le deale fairely, you shall have
The honour this day to be chronicled
The first men kild by *Grandpree*; you see this sword,
A pretty foolish toy, my valour's servant,
And I may boldly say a gentleman,
It having made when it was *Charlemaignes*,
Three thousand knights; this sir, shall cut your throat,
And doe you all faire service else.
Tre. I kisse your hands for the good offer; here's another too,
the servant of your servant shall be proud to be scour'd in
your sweet gutts; till when pray you command me.
Gran. Your Idolater, sir. *Exeunt: manent* Gisb. & Bald.
Gis. That e're such should hold the names of men,
Or Justice be held cruelty, when it labours
To pluck such weeds up!
Bald. Yet they are protected, and by the great ones.
Gis. Not the good ones, *Baldwin*.

Enter to them *Aubrey*.

Aub. Is this a time to be spent thus by such
As are the principall ministers of the State?
When they that are the heads, have filld the Court

With

With factions, a weake woman only left
To stay their bloody hands? can her weake armes
Alone divert the dangers ready now
To fall upon the Common-wealth, and bury
The honours of it, leaving not the name
Of what it was. Oh *Gisbert*, the faire trialls
And frequent proofs which our late master made,
Both of your love and faith, gave him assurance,
To chuse you at his death a Guardian; nay,
A father to his sons; and that great trust
How ill doe you discharge? I must be plaine,
That, at the best, y'are a sad looker on
Of those bad practices you should prevent;
And where's the use of your Philosophy
In this so needfull a time? be not secure;
For, *Baldwin*, be assur'd, since that the Princes
When they were young, and apt for any forme,
Were given to your instruction, and grave ordering;
'Twill be expected that they should be good,
Or their bad manners will b' imputed yours.
Bald. 'Twas not in one, my Lord, to alter nature,
Gis. Nor can my counsells work on them that will not;
Vouchsafe me hearing.
Aub. Doe these answers sort,
Or with your place, or persons, or your yeeres;
Can *Gisbert* being the pillar of the Lawes,
See them trod under foot, or forc'd to serve
The Princes unjust ends; and with a frowne,
Be silenc'd from exclaiming on th' abuse;
Or *Baldwin* only weep the desp'rate madnesse
Of his seduced pupills? see their minds,
Which with good artes he labour'd to build up
Examples of succeeding Times, o'returnd
By undermining parasites; no one precept
Leading to any Arte, or great, or good,
But is forc'd from their memory, in whose roome
Black councells are receiv'd, and their retirements,

And secret conference producing only
Dev'lish designes, a man would shame to father;
But I talk when I should doe, and chide others
For that I now offend in: See't confirm'd,
Now doe, or never speak more.

Gis. We are yours.

Enter *Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto, Verdon,* and *Duprete.*

Rol. You shall know whom I am.

Ot. I doe, my equall.

Rol. Thy Prince; give way,—were we alone, I'de force thee,
In thy best blood, to write thy selfe my subject,
And glad I would receive it.

Aub. Sir.

Gis. Deare Lord.

Ot. Thy subject?

Rol. Yes, nor shall tame patience hold me
A minute longer, only halfe my selfe;
My birth gave me this Dukedome, and my sword
Shall change it to the common grave of all
That tread upon her bosome, ere I part with
A peece of earth, or title that is mine.

Ot. It needs not, and I would scorne to receive,
Though offerd, what I want not: therefore know
From me, though not deliver'd in great words,
Eyes red with rage, poore pride, and threatned action:
Our father at his death, then, when no accent,
Wer't thou a son, could fall from him in vaine,
Made us Coheires, our part of Land and Honours
Of equall waight; and to see this confirm'd,
The oaths of these are yet upon record,
Who though they should forsake me, and call downe
The plagues of perjury on their sinfull heads,
I would not leave my selfe.

Tre. Nor will we see the Will of the dead Duke infring'd.

Lat. Nor I the elder rob'd of what's his right.

Grand.

Grand. Nor you?
Let me take place, I say, I will not see't;
My sword is sharpest.
Aub. Peace you tinder-boxes,
That only carry matter to make a flame
Which will consume you.
Rol. You are troublesome, To *Baldwin.*
This is no time for arguments, my Title
Needs not your schoole-defences, but my sword,
With which the Gordian of your Sophistry
Being cut, shall shew th' Imposture. For your laws, To *Gis-*
It is in me to change them when I please, *bert.*
I being above them; *Gisbert* would you have me protect them;
Let them now stretch their extreamest rigour,
And seize upon that traytour; and your tongue
Make him appeare first dangerous, then odious;
And after, under the pretence of safety,
For the sick State, the Lands and Peoples quiet,
Cut off his head: and I'le give up my sword,
And fight with them at a more certain weapon
To kill, and with authoritie.
Gis. Sir, I grant the Laws are usefull weapons, but found out
T'assure the Innocent, not to oppresse.
Rol. Then you conclude him Innocent? (Crime.
Gis. The Power your father gave him, must not prove a
Aub. Nor should you so receive it.
Bald. To which purpose,
All that dare challenge any part in goodnesse,
Will become suppliants to you.
Rol. They have none
That dare move me in this; hence, I defie you,
Be of his party, bring it to your lawes,
And thou thy double heart, thou popular foole,
Your morall rules of Justice and her ballance;
I stand on mine owne guard.
Ot. Which thy injustice
Will make thy enemies; by the memory

Of him, whose better part now suffers for thee,
Whose reverend ashes with an impious hand
Thou throw'st out to contempt, in thy repining
At his so Just decree; thou art unworthy
Of what his last Will, not thy merits, gave thee,
That art so swolne within, with all those mischiefes
That e're made up a Tyrant, that thy brest,
The prison of thy purposes, cannot hold them,
But that they break forth, and in thy owne words
Discover, what a monster they must serve
That shall acknowledge thee.

Hee offers his sword at Otto. *the faction joyning*, Aubrey *between severs the brothers.*

Rol. Thou shalt not live to be so happy.

Aub. Nor your miseries begin in murther,
Duty, allegeance, and all respects of what you are, forsake me?
Doe you stare on? is this a Theater?
Or shall these kill themselves, like to mad fencers,
To make you sport? keep them asunder, or
By heaven I'le charge on all.

Grand. Keep the peace.
I am for you, my lord, and if you'le have mee,
I'le act the Constables part.

Aub. Live I to see this?
Will you doe that your enemies dare not wish,
And cherish in your selves those furies, which
Hell would cast out? Doe, I am ready; kill mee,
And these, that would fall willing sacrifices
To any power that would restore your reason,
And make you men againe, which now you are not.

Rol. These are your bucklers boy.

Ot. My hinderances;
And were I not confirm'd, my Justice in
The taking of thy life, could not weigh downe
The wrong, in shedding the least drop of blood
Of these whose goodnesse only now protects thee,
Thou should'st feele I in act would prove my selfe
What thou in words do'st labour to appeare.

Rol. Heare this, and talke againe? I'le break through all,

But

But I will reach thy heart.

Ot. 'Tis bettes guarded.

Enter *Sophia.*

Soph. Make way, or I will force it, who are those?
My sonnes? my shames; turne all your swords on mee,
And make this wretched body but one wound,
So this unnaturall quarrell find a grave
In the unhappy wombe that brought you forth:
Dare you remember that you had a mother,
Or look on these gray haires, made so with teares,
For both your goods, and not with age; and yet
Stand doubtfull to obey her? from mee you had
Life, nerves, and faculties, to use these weapons;
And dare you raise them against her, to whom
You owe the meanes of being what you are?

Ot. All peace is meant to you.

Soph. Why is this warre, then?
As if your armes could be advanc'd, and I
Not set upon the rack? your blood is mine,
Your dangers mine, your goodnesse I should share in;
I must be branded with those impious markes
You stamp on your own foreheads and on mine,
If you goe on thus: for my good name therefore,
Though all respects of honour in your selves,
Bee in your fury choackt, throw down your swords;
Your duty should beswifter than my tongue;
And joyne your hands while they be innocent;
You have heate of blood, and youth apt to Ambition,
To plead an easie pardon for what's past:
But all the ills beyond this houre committed,
From gods or men must hope for no excuse,

Gis. Can you heare this unmov'd,
No syllable of this so pious charme, but should have power
To frustrate all the juggling deceits,
With which the divell blinds you.

Ot. I begin to melt, I know not how.

Rol. Mother, I'le leave you;
And sir, be thankfull for the time you live,
Till wee meeet next (which shall bee soon and sudden)
To her perswasion for you.

Soph. O yet, stay,
And rather than part thus, vouchsafe mee hearing
As enemies; how is my soule divided?
My love to both, is equall, as my wishes;
But are return'd by neither; my griev'd heart,
Hold yet a little longer, and then break.
I kneele to both, and will speak so, but this
Takes from mee th' authority of a mothers power;
And therefore, like my selfe, *Otto*, to thee,
(And yet observe, son, how thy mothers teares
Outstrip her forward words, to make way for'em.)
Thou art the yonger, *Otto*, yet be now
The first example of obedience to mee,
And grow the elder in my love.

Ot. The meanes to be so happy?

Soph. This; yeeld up thy sword,
And let thy piety give thy mother strength
To take that from thee which no enemies force
Could e're dispoyle thee of: why do'st thou tremble,
And with a fearefull eye fixt on thy brother,
Observ'st his ready sword, as bent against thee?
Arm thy armour, and will be pierc'd through,
Ten thousand times, before I will give way
To any perill may arrive at thee;
And therefore feare not.

Ot. 'Tis not for my selfe,
But for you, mother; you are now ingag'd
In more that lies in your unquestion'd vertue;
For, since you have disarm'd me of defence,
Should I fall now, though by his hand, the world
May say it was your practise.

Soph. All worlds perish,
Before my piety turne treasons patent;

Take

Take it againe, and ſtand upon your guard,
And while your brother is, continue arm'd;
And yet, this feare is needleſſe, for I know,
My *Rollo*, though hee dares as much as man,
So tender of his yet untainted valour,
So noble, that he dares doe nothing baſely.
You doubt him; he feares you; I doubt and feare
Both; for others ſafety, and not mine owne.
Know yet, my ſons, when of neceſſity
You muſt deceive, or be deceiv'd; 'tis better
To ſuffer treaſon, than to act the traytor;
And in a war like this, in which the glory
Is his that's overcome: conſider then
What 'tis for which you ſtrive: is it the dukedome?
Or the command of theſe ſo ready ſubjects?
Deſire of wealth? or whatſoever elſe
Fires your ambition? This ſtill deſp'rate madneſſe,
To kill the people which you would be lords of;
With fire, and ſword, to lay that countrey waſte
Whoſe rule you ſeeke for: to conſume the treaſures,
Which are the ſinewes of your government,
In cheriſhing the factions that deſtroy it:
Far, far be this from you: make it not queſtiond
Whether you have intreſt in that dukedome,
Whoſe ruine both contend for.

Ot. I deſire but to enjoy my owne, which I will keep.

Rol. And rather than poſterity ſhall have cauſe
To ſay I ruin'd all, devide the dukedome,
I will accept the moytie.

Ot. I embrace it.

Soph. Devide mee firſt, or teare mee limbe by limbe,
And let them finde as many ſeverall graves
As there are villages in *Normandy*:
And 'tis leſſe ſinne than thus to weaken it.
To heare it mentiond doth already make mee
Envie my dead lord, and almoſt blaſpheme
Thoſe powers that heard my prayer for fruitfullneſſe,

And did not with my first birth close my wombe:
To mee alone my second blessing proves
My first of misery, for if that heaven
Which gave mee *Rollo*, there had stayd his bounty,
And *Otto*, my deare *Otto*, ne're had been,
Or being, had not been so worth my love,
The streame of my affection had runne constant
In one faire current, all my hopes had been
Layd up in one; and fruitfull *Normandy*
In this division had not lost her gloryes:
For as tis now, tis a faire diamond,
Which being preserv'd intire, exceeds all value,
But cut in peeces (though these peeces are
Set in fine gold by the best work-mans cunning)
Parts with all estimation: So this Dukedome,
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring Kings may cover,
But cannot compasse; which divided, will
Become the spoile of every barbarous foe
That will invade it.

Gis. How this works in both!

Bal. Prince *Rollos* eyes have lost their fire.

Gis. And anger, that but now wholly possessed
Good *Otto*, hath given place to pitie.

Aub. End not thus Madam, but perfect what's so well begun.

Soph. I see in both, faire signes of reconcilement,
Make them sure proofes they are so: the Fates offer
To your free choyce, either to live Examples
Of pietie, or wickednesse: if the later
Blinds so your understanding, that you cannot
Pierce through her painted out-side, and discover
That she is all deformity within,
Boldly transcend all presidents of mischiefe,
And let the last, and the worst end of tyrannies,
The murther of a mother, but begin
The staine of blood you after are to heighten:
But if that vertue, and her sure rewards,
Can win you to accept her for your guide,

To lead you up to heaven, and there fix you
The faireſt Starres in the bright Spheare of Honour;
Make me the parent of an hundred ſonnes,
All brought into the world with joy, not ſorrow,
And every one a father to his countrey,
In being now made mother of your concord.

Rol. Such, and ſo good, loud fame for ever ſpeake you.

Bal. I, now they meet like Brothers.

The Brothers caſt away their ſwords and embrace.

Gif. My hearts joy flows through my eyes.

Aub. May never womans tongue
Hereafter be accus'd, for this ones Goodneſſe.

Ot. If we contend, from this houre, it ſhall be
How to orecome in brotherly affection.

Rol. *Otto* is *Rollo* now, and *Rollo*, *Otto*,
Or as they have one mind, rather one name:
From this attonement let our lives begin,
Be all the reſt forgotten.

Aub. Spoke like *Rollo*.

Soph. And to the honour of this reconcilement,
Wee all this night will at a publick Feaſt
With choice wines drowne our late feares, and with muſick
Welcome our comforts.

Bald. Sure and certaine ones. *Exeunt.*

Manent *Grandpree*, *Verdon*, *Trevile*, and *Duprete*.

Gran. Did ever ſuch a hopefull buſineſſe end thus?

Ver. Tis fatall to us all, and yet you *Grandpree*,
Have the leaſt cauſe to feare.

Gran. Why, what's my hope?

Ver. The certainty that you have to be hang'd;
You know the Chancellours promiſe.

Gran. Plague upon you.

Ver. What think you of a Bath and a Lords daughter
To entertaine you?

Gran. Thoſe deſires are off.
Frayle thoughts, all friends, no Rollians now, nor Ottoes:
The ſev'rall court'ſies of our ſwords and ſervants

Deferre to after consequence; let's make use
Of this nights freedome, a short Parlament to us,
In which it will be lawfull to walk freely.
Nay, to our drink we shall have meat too, that's
No usuall businesse to the men o'th' sword.
Drink deep with me to night, we shall to morrow
Or whip, or hang the merryer.

Tyr. Lead the way then. *Exeunt.*

Act II. Scene I.

Enter *Latorch* and *Rollo*.

WHy should this trouble you?

Rol. It does, and must doe till I find ease.

Lat. Consider then, and quickly;
And like a wise man, take the current with you,
Which once turn'd head, will sinke you; blest occasion
Offers her selfe in thousand safeties to you;
Time standing still to point you out your purpose,
And resolution (the true child of Vertue)
Readie to execute: what dull cold weakness
Has crept into your bosome, whose meere thoughts
Like tempests, plowing up the sayling Forrests,
Even with their swing were wont to shake downe hazards.
What is't, your mothers teares?

Rol. Pry thee be patient.

Lat. Her hands held up? her prayers, or her curses?
Oh power of paper dropt through by a woman!
Take heed the souldiers see it not; 'tis miserable,
In *Rollo* below miserable; take heed your friends,
The sinewes of your cause, the strength you stirre by,
Take heed, I say, they find it not: take heed
Your owne repentance (like a passing-bell)

Too late, and too loud, tell the world y'are periſht:
What noble ſpirit, eager of advancement,
Whoſe imployment is his plough; what ſword whoſe ſharpneſſe
Waits but the arme to weild it; or what hope,
After the world has blowne abroad this weakneſſe,
Will move againe, or make a wiſh for *Rollo*?
Rol. Are we not friends againe by each oath ratified,
Our tongues the Heralds to our hearts?
Lat. Poore hearts then.
Rol. Our worthier friends.
Lat. No friends ſir, to your honour;
Friends to your fall: where is your underſtanding,
The noble veſſell that your full ſoule ſayld in,
Ribb'd round with honours; where is that? 'tis ruind,
The tempeſt of a womans ſighs has ſunk it.
Friendſhip, take heed ſir, is a ſmiling harlot
That when ſhee kiſſes, kills, a ſoder'd friendſhip
Peec'd out with promiſes; O painted ruine!
Rol. *Latorch*, he is my brother.
Lat. The more doubted;
For hatred hatcht at home is a tame Tiger,
May fawne and ſport but never leaves his nature;
The jarres of brothers, two ſuch mighty ones,
Is like a ſmall ſtone throwne into a river,
The breach ſcarce heard, but view the beaten current,
And you ſhall ſee a thouſand angry rings
Riſe in his face, ſtill ſwelling and ſtill growing;
So jarres circling diſtruſts, diſtruſts breed dangers,
And dangers death, the greateſt extreme ſhadow,
Till nothing bound 'hem but the ſhoare their graves;
There is no manly wiſedome, nor no ſafety
In leaning to this league, this peec'd patch friendſhip;
This reard up reconcilement on a billow,
Which as it tumbles, totters downe your fortune;
Is t not your owne you reach at? Law and Nature
Uſhering the way before you; is not hee
Borne and bequeath'd your ſubject?

Rol. Ha?

Rol. Ha. (peace,

Lat. What foole would give a ſtorme leave to diſturb his
When he may ſhut the caſement? can that man
Has woon ſo much upon your pity,
And drawne ſo high, that like an ominous Comet,
He darkens all your light; can this toucht Lyon
(Though now he licks and locks up his fell pawes,
Craftily huming, like a catt to cozen you)
But when ambition whetts him, and time fitts him,
Leape to his prey, and ſeizd once, ſuck your heart out?
Doe you make it conſcience?

Rol. Conſcience *Latorch*, what's that?

Lat. A feare they tye up fooles in, Natures coward,
Pauling the blood, and chilling the full ſpirit
With apprehenſion of meere clouds and ſhadowes.

Rol. I know no conſcience, nor I feare no ſhadowes.

Lat. Or if you did; if there were conſcience,
If the free ſoule could ſuffer ſuch a curbe
To the fiery mind, ſuch puddles to put it out;
Muſt it needs like a rank Vine, run up rudely,
And twine about the top of all our happineſſe
Honour and rule, and there ſit ſhaking of us?

Rol. It ſhall not, nor it muſt not; I am ſatisfied,
And once more am my ſelfe againe:
My mothers teares and womaniſh cold prayers,
Farewell, I have forgot you; if there be conſcience,
Let it not come betwixt a crowne and me,
Which is my hope of bliſſe, and I beleeve it:
Otto, our friendſhip thus I blow to ayre,
A buble for a boy to play withall;
And all the vowes my weakneſſe made, like this,
Like this poore heartleſſe ruſh, I rend in peeces:

Lat. Now you goe right, ſir, now your eyes are open.

Rol. My fathers laſt petition's dead as he is,
And all the promiſes I cloſd his eyes with,
In the ſame grave I bury.

Lat. Now y'are a man, ſir.

Rol.

Rol. *Otto*, thou shewst my winding sheet before me,
Which ere I put it on, like heavens blest fire
In my descent Ile make it blush in blood;
A Crowne, A Crowne, Oh sacred Rule, now fire mee;
Nor shall the pitty of thy youth, false brother,
Although a thousand Virgins kneele before mee,
And every droping eye a court of mercy,
The same blood with me, nor the reverence
Due to my mothers blest womb that bred us,
Redeeme thee from my doubts: thou art a wolfe here,
Fed with my feares, and I must cut thee from me:
A Crowne, A Crowne; Oh sacred Rule, now fire me:
No safety else.

Lat. But be not too much stird, Sir, nor to high
In your execution: swallowing waters
Run deep and silent, till they are satisfied,
And smile in thousand Curles, to guild their craft;
Let your sword sleep, and let my two edgd witt work
This happy feast, the full joy of your friendships
Shall be his last.

Rol. How my *Latorch*?

Lat. Why thus, sir;
Ile presently go dive into the Officers
That minister at Table: gold and goodnesse,
With promise upon promise, and time necessary,
Ile poure into them.

Rol. Canst thou doe it neatly?

Lat. Let me alone, and such a bait it shall be,
Shall take off all suspicion.

Rol. Gee, and prosper.

Lat. Walk in then, and your smoothest face put on sir.

Exeunt.

Act II. Scene II.

Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar, with a Jack of Beere and a Dish.

Coo. A Hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot day boyes,
Give me some drink, this fire's a plaguy fretter:

Body of me, I'm dry still; give me the Iack boy;
This woodden Skiffe holds nothing.

Pant. And faith master, what brave new meats? for here will be old eating.

Coo. Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;
I have ballasse for their bellies, if they eate a gods name,
Let them have ten tire of teeth a peice, I care not;

But. But what new rare munition?

Coo. Pish, a thousand;
Ile make you piggs speake French at table, and a fat swan
Come saylng out of *England* with a challenge;
Ile make you a dish of calves-feet dance the Canaries,
And a consort of cramm'd capons fiddle to'hem;
A calves head speak an Oracle, and a dozen of Larks
Rise from the dish, and sing all supper time;
Tis nothing boyes: I have framed a fortification
Out of Rye paste, which is impregnable,
And against that, for two long houres together,
Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continually:
For fish, Ile make you a standing lake of white broth,
And pikes come ploughing up the plums before them:
Arion, like a Dolphin, playing Lachrymæ,
And brave king Herring with his oyle and onyon
Crownd with a Limon pill, his way prepard
With his strong Guard of Pilchers.

Pant. I marry master.

Coo. All these are nothing: Ile make you a stubble Goose
Turne o'th' toe thrice, doe a crosse point presently,
And sit downe agen, and cry come eat me:
These are for mirth. Now sir, for matter of mourning,
Ile bring you in the Lady Loyne of Vealea,
With the long love she bore the Prince of Orenge.

All. Thou boy, thou.

Coo. I have a trick for thee too,
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee

Yeo. What's that good master?

Coo. 'Tis a sacrifice.

A full Vine bending, like an Arch, and under
The blowne god *Bacchus*, sitting on a Hogshead,
His Altar Beere: before that, a plumpe Vintner
Kneeling, and offring incense to his deitie,
Which shall be only this, red Sprats and Pilchers.
But. This when the Table's drawne, to draw the Wi
Coo. Thou hast it right, and then comes thy Song But
Pant. This will be admirable.
Yeo. Oh sir, most admirable.
Coo. If youle have the pasty speak, 'tis in my power,
I have fire enough to work it; come, stand close,
And now rehearse the Song, We may be perfect,
The drinking Song, and say I were the Brothers.

They sing.

Well have you borne your selves; a red Deare Pye, Boyes,
And that no leane one, I bequeath your vertues;
What friends hast thou to day? no citizens?
Pant. Yes father, the old Crew.
Coo. By the masse true wenches:
Sirra, set by a chine of Beefe, and a hot Pasty,
And let the Joll of Sturgeon be corrected:
And doe you marke sir, stalke me to a Pheasant,
And see if you can shoot her in the Sellar.
Pant. God a mercy Lad, send me thy roaring bottles,
And with such Nectar I will see 'em fill'd,
That all thou speak'st shall be pure Helicon.

Enter *Latorche.*

Monsieur *Latorche?* what newes with him? Save you.
Lat. Save you Master, save you gentlemen,
You are casting for this preparation;
This joyfull supper for the royall Brothers:
I'm glad I have met you fitly, for to your charge
My bountifull brave Butler, I must deliver
A Bevie of young Lasses, that must looke on
This nights solemnity, and see the two Dukes,
Or I shall lose my credit; you have Stowage?

But. For such freight Ile find roome, and be your servant.
Coo. Bring them, they shal not starve here Ile send'em victuals
Shall work you a good turne, though't be tendayes hence, sir.
Lat. God-a-mercy noble Master.
Coo. Nay, Ile do't.
Teo. And wine they shal not want, let'em drink like Ducks.
Lat. What misery it is that minds so royall,
And such most honest bounties, as yours are,
Should be confind thus to uncertainties.
But. I, were the State once setled, then we had places.
Teo. Then we could shew our selves, and help our friends, sir.
Coo. I, then there were some savour in't, where now
We live between two stooles, every houre ready
To tumble on our noses.; and for ought we know yet,
For all this Supper, ready to fast the next day.
Lat. I would faine speak unto you out of pitie,
Out of the love I beare you, out of honesty,
For your owne goods; nay, for the generall blessing.
Coo. And we would as faine heare you, pray goe forward.
Lat Dare you but think to make your selves up certainties
Your places and your credits ten times doubled,
The Princes favour, *Rollos*.
But. A sweet Gentleman.
Teo. I, and as bountious, if he had his right too.
Coo. By the masse, a Royall gentleman, indeed Boyes,
He'de make the chimneyes smoake.
Lat. He would do't friends,
And you too, if he had his right, true Courtiers;
What could you want then? dare you?
Coo. Pray you be short sir.
Lat. And this my soule upon't, I dare assure you,
If you but dare your parts.
Coo. Dare not mee Monsieur:
For I that feare nor fire, nor water, sir,
Dare doe enough, a man would think.
Teo. Beleev't, sir,
But make this good upon us you have promis'd,

You shall not find us flinchers.
Lat. Then Ile be sudden.
Pant. What may this mean? and whither would he drive us?
Lat. And first, for what you must doe, because all danger
Shall be apparantly ty'd up and mussell'd,
The matter seeming mighty: there's your pardons.
Pant. Pardons? I'st come to that, gods defend us.
Lat. And here's five hundred Crownes in bountious earnest,
And now behold the matter.
But. What are these, sir?
Yeo. And of what nature? to what use?
Lat. I imagine.
Coo. Will they kill Rats? they eat my pyes abominably,
Or work upon a woman cold as Christmas:
I have an old Jade sticks upon my fingers,
May I taste them?
Lat. Is your will made?
And have you said your prayers? for theyle pay you
And now to come up to you, for your knowledge,
And for the good you never shall repent you.
If you be wisemen now.
Coo. Wise as you will, sir.
Lat. These must be put then into the severall meats,
Young *Otto* loves, by you into his wine, sir,
Into his bread by you, Into his linnen.
Now if you desire, you have found the meanes
To make you, and if you dare not, you have
Found your ruine; resolve me ere you goe.
But. Youle keepe your faith with us.
Lat. May I no more see light else.
Coo. Why tis done then.
But. Tis done.
Pant. Tis done which shall be undone.
Lat. About it then, farewell, y'are all of one mind.
Coo. All?
All: All: All.
Lat. Why then all happie. *Exit.*

But. What did wee promiſe him?
Yeo. Doe you aske that now?
But. I would be glad to know what 'tis.
Pan. Ile tell you.
It is to be all villanes, knaves, and traytors.
Coo, Fine wholſome titles.
Pan. But if you dare, goe forward.
Coo. Wee may be hang'd, drawne, and quarter'd.
Pan. Very true, ſir.
Coo. What a goodly ſwing I ſhall give the gallowes? yet I think too, this may be done, and yet wee may be rewarded, not with a rope, but with a royall maſter: and yet wee may be hang'd too.
Yeo. Say it were done; who is it done for? is it not for *Rollo*? And for his right?
Coo. And yet we may be hang'd too.
But. Or ſay he take it, ſay wee be diſcover'd?
Is not the ſame man found to protect us?
Are we not his?
But. Sure, he will never fayle us.
Coo. If he doe, friends, we ſhall finde that will hold us;
And yet me thinks, this prologue to our purpoſe,
Theſe crownes ſhould promiſe more: tis eaſily done,
As eaſie as a man would roaſt an egge,
If that be all; for look you, gentlemen,
Here ſtand my broths, my finger ſlips a little,
Downe drops a doſſe, I ſtir him with my ladle,
And there's a diſh for a Duke: *Olla Podrida.*
Here ſtands a bak'd meat, he wants a little ſeaſoning,
A fooliſh miſtake; my Spice-box, gentlemen,
And put in ſome of this, the matter's ended;
Dredge you a diſh of plovers, there's the Art on't.
Yeo. Or as I fill my wine.
Coo. Tis very true, ſir.
Bleſſing it with your hand, thus quick and neatly firſt, tis paſt
And done once, tis as eaſie
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.

Pan.

Pan. But tis a damnd sinne.
Coo. O, never feare that.
The fires my play-fellow, and now I am resolvd, boyes.
But. Why then, have with you.
Teo. The same for mee.
Pan. For mee too.
Coo. And now no more our worships, but our lordships.
Pan. Not this yeere, on my knowledge, Ile unlord you.
Exeunt.

Act II. Scene III.

Enter *Servant*, and *Sewer*.

PErfume the roome round, and prepare the table,
Gentlemen officers, wait in your places.
Sew. Make roome there,
Roome for the Dukes meate. Gentlemen, be bare there,
Cleere all the entrance: Guard, put by those gapers,
And gentlemen-ushers, see the gallery cleere,
The Dukes are comming on.

Holboys banquet.

Enter *Saphia*, between *Rollo* and *Otto*, *Aubrey*, *Latorche*, *Gisbert*, *Baldwin*, *Attendants*, *Hamond*, *Matilda*, *Edith*.

Ser. Tis certainly informd.
Ot. Reward the fellow, and looke you mainly to it.
Ser. My life for yours, sir.
Soph. Now am I straight, my lords, and young agen,
My long since blasted hopes shoot out in blossomes,
The fruits of everlasting love appearing;
Oh! my blessed boyes, the honour of my yeares,
Of all my cares, the bounteous faire rewarders.
Oh! let me thus imbrace you, thus for ever
Within a mothers love lock up your friendships:
And my sweet sons, once more with mutuall twinings,
As one chast bed begot you, make one body:
Blessings from heaven in thousand showres fall on you:

Aub.

Aub. Oh! womans goodneſſe never to be equall'd,
May the moſt ſinfull creatures of thy ſex
But kneeling at thy monument, riſe ſaints.
Soph. Sit downe my worthy ſons; my lords. your places.
I, now mee thinks the table's nobly furniſh'd;
Now the meat nouriſhes; the wine gives ſpirit;
And all the roome ſtuck with a generall pleaſure,
Shewes like the peacefull bowes of happineſſe.
Aub. Long may it laſt, and from a heart fill'd with it,
Full as my cup; I give it round, my lords.
Bald. And may that ſtubborn heart be drunk with ſorrow
Refuſes it; men dying now, ſhould take it;
Shake off their miſeries, and ſleep in peace.
Rol. You are ſad, my noble brother.
Ot. No, indeed, ſir.
Roph. No ſadneſſe my ſon this day.
Rol. Pray you eate.
Something is here you have lov'd; taſte of this diſh
It will prepare your ſtomack.
Ot. Thank you brother: I am not now diſpos'd to eate.
Rol. Or that.
You put us out of heart man, come, theſe bak't meats
Were ever your beſt dyet.
Ot. None, I thank you.
Soph. Are you well, noble childe?
Ot. Yes, gratious mother.
Rol. Give him a cup of wine, then, pledge the health,
drink it to mee, Ile give it to my mother.
Soph. Doe, my beſt childe.
Ot. I muſt not, my beſt mother,
Indeed I dare not: for of late, my body
Has been much weakned by exceſſe of dyet;
The promiſe of a feaver hanging on mee.
And even now ready, if not by abſtinence
Rol. And will you keep it in this generall freedome;
A little health preferrd before our friendſhip.
Ot. I pray you excuſe mee, ſir.

Rol.

Rol. Excuse your selfe sir,
Come tis your feare, and not your favour brother,
And you have done me a most worthy kindnesse
My Royall mother, and you noble Lords;
Here, for it now concernes me to speake boldly,
What faith can be expected from his vowes,
From his dissembling smiles, what fruite of friendship
From all his dull embraces, what blest issue,
When he shall brand me here for base suspition,
He takes me for a poysoner.

Sop. Gods defend it sonne.

Rol. For a foule knave, a villaine, and so feares me:

Ot. I could say something too.

Sop. You must not so sir,
Without your great forgetfulnesse of vertue;
This is your brother, and your honour'd brother.

Rol. If he please so.

Sop. One noble father, with as noble thoughts,
Begot your mindes and bodies: one care rockt you,
And one truth to you both was ever sacred;
Now fye my *Otto*, whither flyes your goodnesse,
Because the right hand has the power of cutting,
Shall the left presently cry out tis maymed?
They are one my childe, one power, and one performance,
And joyn'd together thus, one love, one body.

Aub. I doe beseech your grace, take to your thoughts
More certaine counsellors than doubts or feares,
They strangle nature, and disperse themselves
(If once beleev'd) into such fogges and errours
That the bright truth her selfe can never sever:
Your brother is a royall gentleman
Full of himselfe, honour, and honesty,
And take heede sir, how nature bent to goodnesse,
(So streight a Cedar to himselfe) uprightnesse
Be wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous

Rol. Nay my good brother knownes I am too patient.

Lat. Why should your Grace thinke him a poysoner

Has he no more respect to piety!
And but he has by oath ty'de up his fury
Who durst but thinke that thought.
Aub. Away thou firebrand.
Lat. If men of his sort, of his power, and place
The eldest sonne in honour to this Dukedome.
Bald. For shame containe thy tongue, thy poysonous tongue
That with her burning venome will infect all,
And once more blow a wilde fire through the dukedome.
Gis. *Latorche*, if thou be'st honest, or a man,
Containe thy selfe.
Aub. Goe too, no more, by heaven
Youle finde y'have playd the foole else, not a word more.
Sop. Prithee sweete sonne.
Rol. Let him alone sweete mother, and my Lords
To make you understand how much I honour
This sacred peace, and next my innocence
And to avoyd all further difference
Discourse may draw on to a way of danger
I quit my place, and take my leave for this night,
Wishing a generall joy may dwell among you.
Aub. Shall we waite on your grace?
Rol. I dare not breake you, *Latorche*.

Exit, *Rollo* and *Latorche*.

Ot. Oh mother that your tenderne sse had eyes,
Discerning eyes, what would this man appeare then,
The tale of *Synon* when he tooke upon him
To ruine *Troy*; with what a cloud of cunning
He hid his heart, nothing appearing outwards,
But came like innocence, and dropping pitty,
Sighes that would sinke a Navie, and had tales
Able to take the eares of Saints, beleefe too,
And what did all these? blew the fire to *Illium*,
His crafty art (but more refin'd by study)
My brother has put on: oh I could tell you
But for the reverence I beare to nature,
Things that would make your honest blood runne backward.

Sop.

Sop. You dare tell me?
Ot. Yes, in your private closet
Where I will presently attend you; rise
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.
Sop. Is this the joy I look'd for?
Ot. All will mend,
Be not disturb'd deare mother, Ile not faile you.
Exit. Sop. and *Otto.*

Bald. I doe not like this.
Aub. That is still in our powers,
But how to make it so that we may like it.
Bald. Beyond us ever; *Latorche* me thought was busie,
That fellow, if not lookt to narrowly will doe a suddaine mischiefe.
Aub. Hell looke to him,
For if there may be a devill above all, yet
that rogue will make him; keepe you up this night,
And so will I, for much I feare a danger.
Bald. I will, and in my watches use my prayers. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scæne. I.

Enter *Sophia, Otto, Matilda, Edith.*

Ot. You wonder Madam, that for all the shewes
My brother *Rollo* makes of hearty love
And free possession of the Dukedome twixt us;
I notwithstanding should stand still suspicious,
As if beneath those veyles, he did convey
Intents and practises of hate, and treason?
Sop. It breeds indeed my wonder.
Ot. Which makes mine,
Since it is so safe and broad a beaten way,
Beneath the name of friendship to betray.
Sop. Though in remote and further of affections,
These falsehoods are so common, yet in him

They cannot so force nature;
Ot. The more neere
The bands of truth bind, the more oft they sever,
Being better cloakes to cover falshood over.
Sop. It cannot be, that fruites the tree so blasting
Can grow in nature; take heede gentle sonne
Least some subborned suggester of these treasons,
Beleiv'd in him by you, provok'd the rather
His tender envies, to such foule atempts;
Or that your too much love to rule alone
Breed not in him this Iealous passion;
There is not any ill we might not beare
Were not our good held at a price too deare?
Ot. So apt is treachery to be excused,
That innocence is still aloud abused,
The fate of vertue even her friends perverts,
To plead for vice oft times against their hearts,
Heavens blessing is her curse, which she must beare
That she may never love.
Sop. Alas, my sonne, nor fate, nor heaven it selfe,
Can or would wrest my whole care of your good
To any least secureneſſe in your ill:
What I urge issues from my curious feare;
Least you should make your meanes to scape your snare,
Doubt of sincereneſſe is the onely meane
Not to insence it, but corrupt it cleane.
Ot. I rest as farre from wrong of sincereneſſe,
As he flyes from the practice, trust me Madam,
I know by their confessions, he subborn'd,
What I should eate, drinke, touch, or onely have scented,
This evening feast was poysoned, but I feare
This open violence more, that treacherous oddes
Which he in his insatiate thirst of rule
Is like to execute.
Sop. Beleeve it Sonne,
If still his stomacke be so foule to feede
On such grosse objects, and that thirst to rule

The ſtate alone bē yet unquēnch'd in him,
Poyſons and ſuch cloſe treaſons aske more timē
Than can ſuffice his fiery ſpirits haſt:
And were there in him ſuch deſire to hidē
So falſe a practiſe, there would likewiſe reſt
Conſcience and feare in him of open force,
And therefore cloſe nor open you need feare.

Mat. Good Madam, ſtand not ſo inclin'd to truſt
What proves his tendreſt thoughts to doubt it juſt,
Who knowes not the unbounded flood and ſea,
In which my brother *Rolloes* appetites
Alter and rage with every puffe and breath,
His ſwelling blood exhales, and therefore heare,
What gives my temperate brother cauſe to uſe
His readieſt circumſpection, and conſult
For remedy againſt all his wicked purpoſes;
If he arme, arme, if he ſtrew mines of treaſon,
Meete him with countermines, it is juſtice ſtill
(For goodneſſe ſake) t'encounter ill with ill.

Sop. Avert from us ſuch jnſtice, equall heavēn,
And all ſuch cauſe of juſtice.

Ot. Paſt all doubt
(For all the ſacred priviledge of night)
This is no time for us to ſleepe or reſt in;
Who knowes not all things holy are prevented
With ends of all impietie, all but
Luſt, gaine, ambition.

Enter Rollo armed, and Latorche.

Rol. Periſh all the world
Ere I but looſe one foote of poſſible Empirē,
Be ſlights and colour us'd by ſlaves and wretches
I am exempt by birth from both theſe curbes,
And ſince above them in all juſtice, ſince
I ſit above in power, where power is given,
Is all the right ſuppos'd of earth and heaven.

Lat. Prove both ſir, ſee the traytor.

Ot. He comes armed, ſee Mother, now your confidence.

Sop. What rage affects this monſter?
Roll. Give me way or periſh.
Sop. Make thy way viper, if thou thus affect it.
Ot. This is a treaſon like thee.
Roll. Let her goe.
Sop. Embrace me, weare me as thy ſhield, my ſonne;
And through my breaſt let his rude weapon runne,
To thy lives innoſcence.
Ot. Play not two parts,
Treacher and coward both; but yeeld a ſword,
And let thy arming thee be oddes enough
Againſt my naked boſome.
Roll. Looſe his hold.
Mat. Forbeare baſe murtherer.
Roll. Forſake our mother.
Sop. Mother, doſt thou name me, and put'ſt off nature thus?
Roll. Forſake her traytour.
Or by the ſpouſe of nature through hers,
This leads unto thy heart.
Ot. Hold.
Sop. Hold me ſtill.
Ot. For twenty hearts and lives I will not hazard
One drop of blood in yours.
Sop. Oh thou art loſt then.
Ot. Protect my innocence, heaven.
Sop. Call out murther.
Mat. Be murthered all, but ſave him.
Ed. Murther, murther.
Roll. Cannot I reach you yet.
Ot. No fiend.
Roll. *Latorche*, reſcue, I'me downe.
Lat. Vp then, your ſword cooles ſir,
Ply it i'th' flame, and worke your ends out.
Roll. Ha, have at you there ſir.

Enter Aubrey.

Aub. Author of prodigies, what ſightes are theſe?
Ot. Oh give me a weapon, *Aubrey*.

Sop.

Sop. Oh part'em, part'em.
Aub. For heavens ſake no more.
Ot. No more reſiſt his fury, no rage can
Adde to his miſchiefe done. *Dyes.*
Sop. Take ſpirit my *Otto*,
Heaven will not ſee thee dye thus.
Mat. He is dead, and nothing lives but death of every goodneſſe.
Sop. Oh he hath ſlaine his brother, curſe him heaven.
Roll. Curſe and be curſed, it is the fruite of curſing,
Latorche, take off here, bring too, of that blood
To colour ore my ſhirt, then rayſe the Court
And give it out how he atempted us
In our bed naked, ſhall the name of brother
Forbid us to inlarge our ſtate and powers?
Or place affects of blood above our reaſon?
That tells us all things good againſt another,
Are good in the ſame line againſt a brother. *Exit.*

Enter Gisbert, Balldwin.

Gif. What affaires informe theſe out-cries?
Aub. See and grieve.
Gif. Prince *Otto* ſlaine!
Ball. Oh execrable ſlaughter!
What hand hath author'd it?
Aub. Your Schollers, *Baldwin*.
Bald. Vnjuſtly urg'd, Lord *Aubrey*, as if I,
For being his Schoolemaſter, muſt owne this doctrine,
You are his Counſellours, did you adviſe him
To this foule parracide?
Gif. If rule affect this licence, who would live
To worſe, than dye in force of his obedience?
Bald. Heavens cold and lingring ſpirit to puniſh ſinne,
And humane blood ſo fiery to commit it,
One ſo outgoes the other, it will never
Be turn'd to fit obedience.
Aub. Burſt it then

With

With his full swing given, where it brookes no bound,
Complaints of it are vaine; and all that rests
To be our refuge (since our powers are strengthlesse)
Is to conforme our wills to suffer freely,
What with our murmurs we can never master;
Ladyes, be pleased with what heavens pleasure suffers;
Erect your princely countenances and spirits,
And to redresse the mischiefes now resistlesse,
Sooth it in shew, rather than curse or crosse it;
Which all amends, and vow to it your best,
But till you may performe it, let it rest.

Gis. Those temporizings are too dull and servile,
To breath the free ayre of a manly soule,
Which shall in me expire in execrations,
Before, for any life I sooth a murtherer.

Bald. Poure lives before him, till his owne be dry
Of all lives services and humaine comforts;
None left that lookes at heaven is halfe so base
To doe those blacke and hellish actions grace.

Enter *Rollo*, *Lat.* *Ham.* and *guard.*

Rol. Haste *Latorche*
And raise the Cittie as the Court is raised
Proclaiming the abhor'd conspiracy
In plot against my life.

Lat. I haste my Lord. *Exit.*

Roll. You there that mourne upon the justly slaine,
Arise and leave it if you love your lives,
And heare from me what (kept by you) may save you.

Mat. What will the Butcher doe? I will not stirre.

Roll. Stirre, and unforc't stirre, or stirre never more:
Command her, you grave Beldame, that know better
My deadly resolutions, since I drew them
From the infective fountaine of your owne,
Or if you have forgot, this fiery prompter
Shall fixe the fresh impression on your heart.

Sop. Rise daughter, serve his will in what we may

Least

Leaſt what we may not he enforce the rather,
Is this all you command us?

Rol. This addition onely admitted, that when I endeavour
To quit me of this ſlaughter you perſume not
To croſſe me with a ſyllable for your ſoules;
Murmure, nor thinke againſt it, but weigh well,
It will not helpe your ill, but helpe to more,
And that my hand wrought thus farre to my will,
Will checke at nothing till his circle fill.

Mat. Fill it, ſo I conſent not, but who ſoothes it
Conſents, and who conſents to tyrannie, does it.

Rol. Falſe traytreſſe die then with him. (ſelf

Aub. Are you mad, to offer at more blood, and make your
More horrid to your people? Ile proclaime,
It is not as your inſtrument will publiſh.

Rol. Doe, and take that along with you —ſo nimble,
Reſigne my ſword, and dare not for thy ſoule
To offer what thou inſolently threatneſt;
One word, proclaiming croſſe to what *Latorch*
Hath in Commiſſion, and intends to publiſh.

Aub. Well ſir, not for your threats, but for your good,
Since more hurt to you would more hurt your countrey,
And that you muſt make vertue of the neede
That now compells you, Ile conſent as farre
As ſilence argues to your will proclaimed:
And ſince no more ſonnes of your Princely father
Survives to rule but you, and that I wiſh
You ſhould rule like your father, with the love
And zeale of all your ſubjects; this foule ſlaughter
That now you have committed made aſhamed
With that faire bleſſing, that in place of plagues,
Heaven tries our mending diſpoſition with:
Take here your ſword, which now uſe like a Prince,
And no more like a Tyrant.

Rol. This ſounds well, live and be gracious with us.

Giſ. and Bal. Oh Lord *Aubrey*.

Mat. He flatter thus?

Sop. He temporizes fitly.
Rol. Wonder invades me; doe you two thinke much,
That he thus wisely, and with neede consents
To what I author for your Countries good?
You being my Tutor, you my Chancellour.
Gis. Your Chancellour, is not not your Flatterer sir.
Bal. Nor, Is it your Tutors part to shield such doctrine?
Rol. Sir, first know you,
In praise of your pure Oratorie that raise you,
That when the people, who I know by this
Are raised out of their rests, and hastening hither
To witnesse what is done here, are arrived
With our *Latorch*, that you *extempore*
Shall fashion an Ora ion to acquit
And justifie this forced fact of mine;
Or for the proud refusall lose your head.
Gis. I fashion an Oration to acquit you?
Sir, know you then, that tis a thing lesse easie
To excuse a parracide than to commit it.
Rol. I doe not wish you sir, to excuse me,
But to accuse my brother, as the cause
Of his owne slaughter by attempting mine.
Gis. Not for the world, I should powre blood on blood;
It were another murther to accuse
Him that fell innocent.
Rol. Away with him, hence, haile him streight to execution.
Aub. Farre fly such rigour your amendfull hand.
Rol. He perishes with him that speakes for him;
Guard doe thy office on him, on your lives-paine.
Gis. Tyrant, twill haste thy owne death.
Rol. Let it wing it,
He threatens me; Villaines teare him piece meale hence.
Guard. Avant sir.
Ham. Force him hence.
Rol. Dispatch him Captaine,
And bring me instant word he is dispatched.
And how his retorike takes it.

Ham.

Ham. Ile not faile sir.

Rol. Captaine, beſides remember this in chiefe ;
That being executed you denie
To all his friends the rits of funerall,
And caſt his carkaſe out to dogges and foules.

Ham. Tis done my Lord.

Rol. Vpon your life not faile.

Bal, What impious daring is there here of heaven ?

Rol. Sir now prepare your ſelfe againſt the people,
Make here their entry to diſcharge the Oration,
He hath denied my will.

Bal. For feare of death ? ha,ha,ha,.

Rol. Is death rediculous with you ?
Workes miſery of age this,or thy judgement?

Bal. Iudgement falſe tyrant.

Rol. Youle make no Oration then ?

Bal. Not to excuſe,but aggravate thy murther if thou wilt;
which I will ſo enforce, Ile make thee wreake it
(With hate of what thou win'ſt by't) on thy ſelfe,
With ſuch another juſtly merited murther.

Rol. Ile anſwer you anon.

Enter Latorch.

Lat. The citizens are haſting ſir in heapes, all full reſolv'd
By my perſwaſions of your brothers Treaſons:

Rol. Honeſt *Latorch:*

Enter Hamond.

Ha. See ſir, here's *Gisberts* head.

Rol. Good ſpeed ; waſt with a ſword ?

Ha. An axe ſir.

Rol. An axe, twas vildely done, I would have had
My owne fine Headſman done it with a ſword :
Goe,take this dotard here, and take his head
Off with a ſword.

Ha. Your Schoolemaſter ?

Rol. Even he.

Bal. For teaching thee no better; tis the best
Of all thy damned justices; away
Captaine, Ile follow. (and fury,
Ed. Oh stay there Duke, and in the midst of all thy blood
Heare a poore maides petitions, here a daughter,
The onely daughter of a wretched father;
Oh stay your haste as you shall neede this mercy.
Rol. Away with this fond woman.
Ed. You most heare me,
If there be any sparke of pitty in you,
If sweete humanity and mercy rule you;
I doe confesse you are a Prince, your anger
As great as you, your execution greater.
Rol. Away with him.
Ed. Oh Captaine, by thy manhood
By her soft soule that beare thee, I doe confesse sir,
Your doome of justice on your foes most righteous;
Good noble Prince looke on me.
Rol. Take her from me.
Ed. A curse upon his life that hinders me;
May fathers blessing never fall upon him,
May heaven never heare his prayers: I beseech you,
Oh sir, these few teares beseech you; these chast hands wooe
That never yet were heav'd but to things holy, (you
Things like your selfe, you are a God above me;
Be as a God then, full of saving mercy;
Mercy, oh mercy, for his sake mercy;
That when your stout heart weepes shall give you pitty;
Here I must grow.
Ral. By heaven Ile strike thee woman.
Ed. Most willingly, let all thy anger seeke me,
All the most studyed torments, so this good man,
This old man, and this innocent escape thee.
Rol. Carry him away I say.
Ed. Now blessing on thee, oh sweet pitty,
I see it in thy eyes. I charge you souldiers
Even by the Princes power, release my father;

The Prince is mercifull, why doe you hold him?
He is old, why doe you hurt him? speake, oh speake sir;
Speake, as you are a man; a mans life hangs sir,
A friends life, and a foster life upon you:
Tis but a word, but mercy, quickly spoke sir;
Oh speake Prince, speake.

Rol. Will no man here obey me?
Have I no rule yet? as I live he dies
That does not execute my will, and suddenly. (me.

Bal. All that thou canst doe, takes but one short houre from

Rol. Hew off her hands.

Ham. Lady hold off.

Ed. No hew'm,
Hew off my innocent hands as he commands you.

Exit Guard, Count Bald.

They'le hang the faster on for deaths convulsion;
Thou seede of rockes, will nothing move thee then?
Are all my teares lost? all my righteous prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand thus then
Thus boldly, bloody Tyrant,
And to thy face in heavens high name defie thee;
And may sweet mercy when thy soule sighes for it,
When under thy blacke mischiefes thy flesh trembles,
When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold
Can stay one houre, when thy most wretched conscience
Wak'd from her dreame of death like fire shall melt thee,
When all thy mothers teares, thy brothers wounds,
Thy peoples feares and curses, and my losse,
My aged fathers losse shall stand before thee.

Rol. Save him I say, runne, save him, save her father
Flie and redeeme his head.

Exit Latorch.

Ed. May then that pitty,
That comfort thou expect'st from heaven, that mercy
Be lock't up from thee, fly thee, howling find thee,
Despaire, oh my sweete father, stormes of terrors,
Blood till thou burst againe.

Rol. Oh faire sweet anger,

Enter Latorch and Hamond with a head.

Lat. I am two late sir, twas dispatch'd before,
And his head is heare.
Rol. And my heart there; goe bury him.
Give him faire rites of funerall, decent honours.
Ed. Wilt thou not take me monster? heighest heaven
Give him a punishment fit for his mischiefe.
Lat. I feare thy prayer is heard, and he rewarded:
Lady have patience, twas unhappy speed;
Blame not the Duke, twas not his fault, but fates;
He sent, you know to stay it, and commanded
In care of you, the heavie object hence
Soone as it came? have better thoughts of him.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. 1. Where's this young Traytor?
Lat. Noble citizens here;
And here the wounds he gave your soveraigne Lord.
Cit. 1. This Prince of force must be
Belov'd of heaven, whom heaven hath thus preserv'd.
Cit. 2. And if he be belov'd of heaven, you know,
He must be just, and all his actions so.
Rol. Conc'uded like an Oracle, oh how great
A grace of heaven is a wise Citizen?
For heaven tis makes them wise, as 't makes me just,
As it preserves me, as I now survive
By his strong hand to keepe you all alive;
Your wives, your children, goods and lands kept yours,
That had beene else preyes to his tyranous power,
That would have prey'd on me, in bed assaulted me
In sacred time of peace; my mother here,
My sister, this just Lord, and all had felt
The curtian gulph of this conspiracie,
Of which my Tutor and my Chancellour,
Two of the gravest and most counted honest
In all my Dukedome) were the monstrous heads;
Oh trust no honest men for their sakes ever
My politique Citizens, but those that breathe

The

The names of Cut-throats, usurers and Tyrants;
Oh those beleeve in, for the foule mouth'd world
Can give no better termes to simple goodnesse:
Even me it dares blaspheme, and thinkes me tyrannous
For saving my owne life, sought by my brother:
Yet those that sought his life before by poyson
(Though my owne servants, hoping to please me)
Ile lead to death fort, which your eyes shall see.

Cit. 1. Why, what a Prince is here?

Cit. 2. How just?

Cit. 3. How gentle?

Rol. Well, now my dearest subjects; or much rather
My nerves, my spirits, or my vitall blood;
Turne to your needfull rest, and setled peace,
Fixt in this roote of steele, from whence it sprung
In heavens great helpe and blessing: but ere sleepe
Bind in his sweet oblivion your dull senses,
The name and vertue of heavens King; advance
For yours, in chiefe for my deliverance.

Cit. Heaven and his King save our most pious sovēraigne.

Exit Citizens.

Rol. Thankes my good people: mother and kind sister,
And you my noble kinsmen, thinges borne thus,
Shall make you all command what ever I
Enjoy in this my absolute Empery,
Take in the body of my princely brother;
For whose death, since his fate no other way,
Would give my eldest birth his supreme right;
We'le mourne the cruell influence it beares,
And wash his sepulcher with kindly teares.

Aub. If this game end thus, heavens will rule the set.
What we have yeelded to, we could not let.

Exit omnes, Præter, Latorch, and Edith

Lat. Good Lady rise, and raise your spirits withall;
More high than they are humbled; you have cause,
As much as ever honour'd happiest Lady;
And when your eares are freer to take in
Your most amendfull and unmatched fortunes,

Ile

Ile make you drowne a hundred helpeleſſe deathes
In ſea of one life powr'd into your boſome;
With which ſhall flow into your armes, the riches,
The pleaſures, honours, and the rules of Princes;
Which though death ſtop your eares, methinks ſhould ope'm
Aſſay to forget death.

Ed. Oh ſlaughter'd father.

Lat. Taſte of what cannot be redreſs'd, and bleſſe
The fate that yet you curſe ſo; ſince for that
You ſpake ſo movingly, and your ſweet eyes
With ſo much grace fill'd, that you ſet on fire
The Dukes affection, whom you now may rule
As he rules all his Dukedome, is't not ſweet?
Does it not ſhine away your ſorrowes clouds?
Sweet Lady, take wiſe heart, and heare, and tell me.

Ed. I heare no word you ſpeake.

Lat. Prepare to heare then,
And be not barr'd up from your ſelfe, nor adde
To your ill fortune with your farre worſe judgement;
Make me your ſervant to attend with all joyes
Your ſad eſtate, till they both bleſſe and ſpeake it:
See how they'le bow to you, make me waite, command mē
To watch out every minute, for the ſtay
Your modeſt ſorrow fancies, raiſe your graces,
And doe my hopes the honour of your motion,
To all the offered heights that now attend you:
Oh how your touches raviſh? how the Duke
Is ſlaine already with your flames embrac'd?
I will both ſerve and viſite you, and often.

Ed. I am not fit ſir.

Lat. Time will make you Lady.

Exeunt.

Actus

Act III. Scene II.

Enter the Guard, 3 or 4 boyes, then the Shreriffe, Cooke, Yeoman of the Cellar, Butler, Pantler to execution.

Guard 1. COme bring in these fellows, on, away with them.
Guard 2. Make roome before there, roome for the prisoners.
Boy 1. Let's run before boyes, we shall have no places else.
Boy 2. Are these the youths?
Cook. These are the youths you look for,
And, pray my honest friends, be not so hasty,
There will be nothing done till we come, I assure you.
Boy 3. Here's a wise hanging, are there no more?
But. Doe you heare sir? you may come in for your share if you please.
Coo. My friend, if you be unprovided of a hanging,
You look like a good fellow, I can afford you
A reasonable peny-worth.
Boy 2. Afore, afore boyes, here's enough to make us sport.
Yeo. Pox take you,
Doe you call this sport? are these your recreations?
Must we be hang'd to make you mirth?
Coo. Doe you heare sir?
You custard pate, we go to't for high treason,
An honourable fault: thy foolish father
Was hang'd for stealing sheepe.
Boyes Away, away boyes.
Coo. Doe you see how that sneaking rogue lookes now?
You, chip, Pantler, you peaching rogue, that provided us these necklaces: you poore rogue, you costive rogue you.
Pant. Pray, pray, fellowes.
Coo. Pray for thy crusty soule? where's your reward now, Goodman Manchet, for your fine discovery?
I doe beseech you sir, where are your dollars?
Draw with your fellowes, and be hang'd.

Yeo. He must now.
For now he shall be hang'd first, that's his comfort,
A place too good for thee, thou meale mouth'd rascall.
Coo. Hang handsomely for shame, come leave your praying
You peaking knave, and die like a good courtier;
Die honestly, and like a man; no preaching,
With I beseech you take example by me,
I liv'd a lewd man, good people; pox ont:
Die me as if thou hadst din'd, say grace, and God be with you.
Guard. Come, will you forward?
Cook. Good Mr Sheriffe, your leave to, this hasty work
Was nere done well; give us so much time as but to sing
Our owne Ballads, for weele trust no man,
Nor no tune but our owne; twas done in Ale too,
And therefore cannot be refus'd in justice.
Your penny pot Poets are such peking theeves,
They ever hang men twice; we have it here sir,
And so must every merchant of our voyage,
Hele make a sweet returne else of his credit.
Yeo. One fit of our owne mirth and then we are for you.
Gu. Make haste then, dispatch.
Yeo. There's day enough, sir.
Coo. Come boyes, sing cheerfully, we shall nere sing yonger,
We have chosen a loud tune too, because it should like well.

The Song.

Come, Fortune's a whore, I care not who tell her,
Would offer to strangle a page of the Cellar,
That should by his oath, to any mans thinking,
And place, have had a defence for his drinking;
But thus she does still, when she pleases to palter,
In stead of his wages, she gives him a halter.

Three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three merry
boyes are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string, under the gallow-tree.

But

2

But I that was so lusty,
And ever kept my bottles,
That neither they were musty,
And seldome lesse than pottles,
For me to be thus stopt now,
With hemp in stead of cork sir,
And from the gallows lopt now,
Shewes that there is a fork sir,
In death, and this the token,
Man may be two wayes killed,
Or like the bottle, broken,
Or like the wine, be spilled.

Three merry boyes, &c

3

Oh yet but look on the master Cook, the glory of the kitchin,
In sowing whose fate at so lofty a rate, no Taylor ere had stitching,
For though he makes the man, the Cooke yet makes the dishes;
The which no Taylor can, wherein I have my wishes,
That I who at so many a feast have pleasde so many tasters,
Should now my selfe come to be drest, a dish for you my masters.
Three merry boyes, &c.

Coo. There's a few coppies for you; now farewell friends:
And good Mr Sheriffe, let me not be printed
With a brasse pot on my head.
But. March faire, march faire, afore good Captain *Pantler.*

4

Pant. *Oh man or beast, or you at least,*
That weare or brow or antler,
Prick up your eares, unto the teares
Of me poore Paul *the Pantler,*
That thus am clipt because I chipt
The cursed crust of Treason
With loyall knife: Oh dolefull strife,
To hang thus without reason.

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter Aubrey and Latorch.

Latorch, I have wayted here to speak with you,
And you must hearken: Set not forth your legs
Of haste, nor put yonr face of businesse on;
An honester affaire than this I urge too,
You will not easily think on; and twill be
Reward to entertaine it: Tis your fortune
To have our Masters eare above the rest
Of us that follow him, but that no man envies:
For I have well considered, truth sometimes
May be conveyd in by the same conduits
That falshood is: These courses that he takes,
Cannot but end in ruine; Empire got
By blood and violence, must so be held;
And how unsafe that is, he first will prove,
That toyling still to remove enemies,
Makes him selfe more; it is not now a Brother
A faithfull Councellour of estate or two,
That are his danger, they are far dispatch'd
It is a multitude that begin to feare,
And think what began there, must end in them,
For all the fine Oration that was made'em;
And they are not an easie monster quelld.
Princes may pick their suffering Nobles out;
And one by one employ em to the block; but when they once grow formidable to their clownes, and coblers, ware then, guard themselves; if thou durst tell him this, *Latorche*, the service would not discredit the good name you hold with men, besides the profit to your matter, and the publick.

Lat. I conceive not so, sir. (fancy?
They are ayrie feares; and why should I object them unto his
Wound what is yet sound? your counsailes colour not,

With

With reason of state, where all thats necessary still is just ?
The actions of the prince, while they succeed,
Should be made good, and glorified; not questiond,
Men doe but shew their ill affections, that ——

Aub. What ? speak out.

Lat. Doe murmure against their masters.

Aub. Is this to mee ?

Lat. It is to whosoever mislikes of the Dukes courses

Aub. I, ist so ? at your stateward, sir ?

Lat. I'me sworne to heare nothing may prejudice the prince.

Aub. Why doe you ? or have you, ha ?

Lat, I cannot tel, mens hearts shew in their words sometims.

Aub. I ever thought thee
Knave of the chamber, art thou the spy too ?

Lat. A watchman for the state, and one that's known
Sir, to be rightly affected.

Aub. Baud of the state;
No lesse than of thy masters lusts. I now
See nothing can redeem thee; doest thou mention
Affection, or a heart that ne're hadst any ?
Know'st not to love or hate, but by the state,
As thy prince does't before thee ? that dost never
Weare thy owne face, but putt'st on his, and gather'st
Baits for his eares: liv'st wholly at his beck,
And e're thou dar'st utter a thought's thine owne,
Must expect his; crep'st forth and wad'st into him.
As if thou wert to passe a foord, there proving
Yet if thy tongue may step on safely, or no:
Then bring'st his vertue asleep, and stayst the wheele
Both of his reason, and judgement, that they move not.
Whit'st over all his vices; and at last
Dost draw a cloud of words before his eyes,
Till hee can neither see thee, nor himselfe ?
Wretch; I dare give him honest counsailes, I;
And love him while I tell him truth: old *Aubrey*
Dares goe the straighest way, which still's the shortest,
Walke on the thornes thou scatter'st, Parasite,

And tread'em into nothing: and if thou
Then lett'ſt a look fall, of the leaſt diſlike,
Ile rip thy crown up with my ſword at height,
And pluck thy ſkin over thy face: in ſight
Of him thou flatter'ſt; unto thee I ſpeak it,
Slave, againſt whom all lawes, ſhould now conſpire,
And every creature that hath ſenſe, be armd,
As 'gainſt the common enimy of mankind;
That ſleepſt within thy maſters eare, and whiſp'erſt
Tis better for him to be feard, than lovd:
Bidſt him truſt no mans freindſhip, ſpare no blood,
That may ſecure him; tis no cruelty
That hath a ſpations end; for ſoverainty
Break all the lawes of kind; if it ſucceed
An honeſt, noble, and prayſe-worthy deed;
While hee that takes thy poyſons in, ſhall feele
Their virulent workings in a poynt of time,
When no repentance can bring ayd, but all
His ſpirits ſhall melt, with what his conſcience burnd
And dying in flatterers armes, ſhall fall unmournd.
Theres matter for you now.

Lat. My lord, this makes not, for loving of my maſter.

Aub. Loving? no.
They hate ill Princes moſt that make them ſo.

Enter Rollo, Hamand, Allan, Guard.

Rol. Ile heare no more.

Ham. Alas, tis for my brother. I beſeech your highneſſe.

Rol, How, a brother? had not I one my ſelfe? did title
Move mee when it was fit that hee ſhould dye? away.

All. Brother, looſe no word more, leave my good cauſe
T'upbraid the tyrant, I'me glad, 'me falne,
Now in thoſe times that willd ſome great example
T'aſſure men wee can die for honeſty.

Rol. Sir, you are brave; pray that you hold your neck
As bravely forth anon unto your headſman.

All. Would hee would ſtrike as bravely, and thou by.

Rol.

Rollo, t'would make thee quake to see mee die.
Aub. Whats his offence?
Ham. For giving *Gisbert* buriall; who was sometimes his (master.
All. Yes: lord *Aubery*.
My gratitude, and humanity, are my crimes.
Rol. Why beare you him not hence?
Aub. My lord (stay souldiers)
I doe beseech your highnesse, doe not loose
Such men for so slight causes. This is one
Has still been faithfull to you, a tryde soule
In all your fathers battailes; I have scene him
Bestride a friend, against a score of foes,
And looke, he looks as hee would kill his hundred.
For you, sir, were you in some danger.
All. Till hee killd his brother, his chancellor, then his
Master, to which he can adde nought to equall *Nero*,
But killing of his mother.
Aub. Peace, brave foole;
Thou valiant asse, here is his brother too, sir,
A captaine of your guard, hath serv'd you long,
With the most noble witnesse of his truth
Markd in his face, and every part about him,
That turnes not from an enemy. But view him,
Oh doe not grieve him sir, if you doe meane
That hee shall hold his place: it is not safe
To tempt such spirits, and let them weare their swords,
You'le make your guards your terrours by these Acts
And throw more hearts of from you then you hold;
And I must tell you sir, (with my old freedome
And my old faith to boot) you have not liv'd so
But that your state will need such men, such hands
Of which heres one, shall in an houre of tryall,
Doe you more certaine service with a stroak,
Than the whole bundle of your flatterers
With all the unsavory unction of their tongues.
Rol. Peace, talker.
Aub, One that loves you yet, my lord.
And would not see you pull on your owne ruines. Mercy

Mercy becomes a Prince, and guards him best,
Awe and affrights are never tyes of Love;
And when men begin to feare the Prince, they hate him.

Rol. Am I the Prince, or you?

Aub. My Lord I hope I have not utterd ought should urge that question.

Rol. Then practise your obedience, see him dead.

Aub. My Lord,

Rol. Ile heare no more.

Aub. I'me sorry then; theres no small despaire, sir, of their safety, whose eares are blockt up against truth; come Captain.

Ham. I thank you, sir.

Aub. For what? for seeing thy brother dye a man, and honest? Live thou so Captaine, I will I assure thee,
Although I die for't too: come—— *Exeunt all but Rollo & Lator*

Rol. Now *Latorche*, what doe you think? (the boldest

Lat. That *Aubreys* speech and manners sound somewhat of

Rol. Tis his custome.

Lat. It may be so, and yet be worth a feare. (ly too.

Rol. If we thought so, it should be worth his life, and quick-

Lat. I dare not, sir, be author
Of what I would be, tis so dangerous;
But with your highnesse favour and your licence.

Rol. He talks, tis true; he is licenc'd: leave him,
We now are Duke alone; *Latorche*, securd;
Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect,
We look right forth, beside, and round about us,
And see it ours with pleasure: only one
Wish'd joy there wants, to make us to possesse it,
And that is *Edith*, *Edith*, shee that got me
In bloud and teares, in such an opposite minute,
As had I not once set all the flames
And shaft of Love shot in me (his whole armory)
I should have thought him as farre off as death.

Lat. My Lord, expect a while, your happinesse
Is neerer than you think it, yet her griefes
Are greene and fresh; your vigilant *Latorche*

Hath

Hath not been idle: I have leave already
To visite her, and send to her.
Rol. My life.
Lat. And if I find not out as speedie wayes
And proper instruments to work and bring her
To your fruition; that she be not watch'd
Tame to your Highnesse wish, say you have no servant
Is capable of such a trust about you,
Or worthy to be secretary of your pleasure.
Rol. Oh my *Latorche*, what shall I render thee
For all thy travailes, care and love? (me.
Lat. Sir, one suit, which I will ever importune, till you grant
Rol. About your Mathematitians?
Lat. Yes to have
The Scheme of your nativity judg'd by them,
I hav't already erected; Oh my Lord,
You doe not know the labour of my feares,
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope
Any security, but from the Starres;
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell man more
Than all power else, there being no power beyond them.
Rol. All thy petitions still are care of us,
Aske for thy selfe.
Lat. What more can concerne me, than this?
Rol. Well, rise true honest man, and goe then,
Wee'le study our selves a meanes how to reward thee.
Lat. Your grace is now inspir'd; now, now your Highnesse
Begins to live, from this houre count your joyes:
But, Sir, I must have warrants, with blanks figurd,
To put in names, such as I like.
Rol. You shall.
Lat. They dare not else offer, Sir, at your figure;
Oh I shall bring you wonders; ther's a Frier
Rusee, an admirable man, another
A gentleman, and then *Lasiske*,
The mirrour of his time; 'twas he that sett it.
But there's one *Norbret*, (him I never saw)

Has made a mirrour, a meere Looking-glasse,
In shew you'ld think't no other; the forme ovall,
As I am given to understand by letter,
Which renders you such shapes, and those so differing,
And some that will be question'd and give answers;
Then has he sett it in a frame, that wrought
Unto the revolutions of the Starres,
And so compact by due proportions
Unto their harmony, doth move alone
A true automaton; thus *Dedalus* Statues,
Or *Vulcans* Tooles ——

Rol. Dost thou beleeve this?

Lat. Sir? why, what should stay my faith, or turn my sense?
He has been about it above twentie yeares,
Three sevens, the powerfull, and the perfect numbers;
And Art and Time, Sir, can produce such things.
What doe I reade there of *Hiarbas* banquet?
The great Gymnosophist, that had his Butlers
And carvers of pure gold waiting at table?
The images of *Mercury*, too, that spoke?
The wooden dore that flew? a snake of brasse
That hist? and birds of silver that did sing?
All those new done by the Mathematicks,
Without which there's no science, nor no truth.

Rol. You are in your spheare, *Latorch*: and rather
Than Ile contend w'ycc for it, Ile beleeve it.
Y'have won upon me that I wish to see
My fate before me now, what ere it bee.

Lat. And Ile endeavour, you shall know with speed,
For which I should have one of trust goe with mee,
If you please, *Hamond*, that I may by him
Send you my first dispatches; after I
Shall bring you more, and as they come still more,

Rol. Take your way,
Choose your owne meanes, and be it prosperous to us.

Exeunt.

ACT. IV. SCÆ. II.

Enter Ruſſe, de Bube, la Fiske, Norbert, Pippeau.

Ruſ. Come, beare up Sirs, we ſhall have better dayes,
My Almanack tels me.
Bub. What is that? your rumpe?
Ruſ. It never itch'd in vaine yet, ſlide *la Fiske*
Throw off thy ſluggiſh face, I cannot abide
To ſee thee tooke like a poore Jade i'th' pound,
That ſaw no meat theſe three dayes.
Fiske. Slight, to me
It ſeemes thirteene dayes ſince I ſaw any.
Ruſ. How?
Fiſ. I can't remember that I ever ſaw
Or meat or money, you may talke of both
To open a mans ſtomack or his purſe,
But feed'em ſtill with ayre.
Bub. Fryar, I feare
You do not ſay your Office well a dayes.
Nor. Pox, he feedes
With leachery, and lives upon th'exchange
Of his two Eggs and Puddings with the market women.
Ruſ. And what do you Sir, with the Advocats wife,
Whom you perſwade, upon your Doctorall bed,
To take the Mathematicall trance ſo often?
Fiſ. Come, we are ſtarke naught all, bad's the beſt of us,
Foure of the ſeven deadly ſpots we are;
Beſides our Lechery, we are envious,
And moſt, moſt gluttonous when we have it thus,
Moſt covetous now we want it; then our Boy
He is a fift ſpot, ſloth and he undoes us. (ous,
Bub. 'Tis true, the child was wont to be induſtri-
And now and then ſent to a Merchants wife

Sicke of the husband, or a ſwearing Butler
That miſt of his Bowles, a crying Maid
Had loſt a ſilver ſpoon; the Curry-come
Somtims was wanting; there was ſomthing gotten;
But now———

Pip. What now? Did not I yeſter-morning
Bring you in a Cardecu there from the Peſant,
Whoſſe aſſe I had driven aſide, and hid, that you
Might conjure for him? and then laſt night,
Six Souz from the Cooks wife, you ſhar'd among you.
To ſet a figure for the Peſtle I ſtole,
It is not at home yet; theſe things, my Maſters,
In a hard time, they would be thought on, you
Talke of your lands and Caſtles in the ayre,
Of your twelve houſes there: but it is I
That bring you in your rents for'em, 'tis *Pippeau*
That is your bird-call.

Nor. Faith he does well; (ſay
And cuts through the Elements for us, I muſt needs
In a fine dextrous line.

Fiſ. But not as he did
At firſt, then he would ſayle with any wind
Int' every Creek and Corner.

Pip. I was light then,
New built and rigg'd when I came to you, Gentlemen,
But now with often and far ventring for you
Here be leakes Sprung, and whole Plancks wanting ſee you;
If you'le new ſheath me agaguine, yet I am for you
To any bog or ſleights, where ere you'le ſend me,
For as I am, where can this ragged Bark
Put in for any ſervice; leſſe it be
O'th Iſle of Rogues, and there turne Pyrate for you.

Nor. Faith he ſayes reaſon, Fryer, you muſt leave
Your neat criſpe Clarret, and fall to your Syder
Awhile; and you *la Fiske*, your larded Capons,
And Turkeys for a time, and take a good
Cleane Tripe in your way; *de Bube* too muſt content him with

wholesome two Souz'd petitoes, no more Crown-ordinaries, till we have cloath'd our Infant.

Bub. So you'le keep
Your own good motions, Doctor, your deare selfe.

Fis. Yes, for we all do know the Latitude
Of your Concupiscence.

Rus. Here about your belly.

Bub. You'le picke a bottle open or a whimsey,
As soon as the best of us.

Fis. And dip your wrists bands,
(For Cuffs y'have none) as comely in the sauce
As any Courtyer——harke, the Bell, who is there

the Bell rings.

Rus. Good luck I do conjure thee; Boy look out.

Pip. They are Gallants, Courtiers, one of 'em is
Of the Dukes bed-chamber.

Exit and enter again.

Rus. Latorche, down,

To Norbret.

On with your gown, there's a new suite arriv'd,
Did I not tell you, Sons of hunger? Crownes,
Crowns are comming toward you, wine & wenches
You shall have once again, and Fidlers:
Into your studyes close; each lay his eare
To his doore, and as you heare me to prepare you
So come, and put me on that visorod only.

Enter Latorche, Himmd.

Lat. You'le not be far hence Captain, when hee
Busines is done you shall receive present dispatch.

Him. Ile walke Sir, in the Cloyster. *Exit.*

Rus. Monsieur *Latorche*; my sonne
The Stars are happy still that guide you hither.

Lat. I'me glad to heare their Secretary say so,
My learned Father *Russe*, where's *la Fiske*,
Monsieur *de Bube*, how do they?

Rus. At their studyes,
They are the Secretaries of the Stars, Sir,
Still at their books, they will not be pull'd off,
They stick like cupping glasses; if ever men
Spoke with the tongue of destiny, 'tis they.

Lat. For loves sake let's salute em.

Rus. Boy, go see, (lenge

Tell them who's here, say, that their friends do chal-

Some portion of their time, this is our minutes;

Pray'em they'le spare it: they are the Sun and Moon

Of knowledge; pitty two such noble lights

Should live obscur'd here in an University,

Whose beames were fit, to'illumine any Court

Of Christendome.

Enter la Fiske, de Bube and Pippeau.

Lat. The Duke will shortly know 'em.

Fis. Well, look upon the Astrolabe; you'le find it

Foure Almucanturies at least.

Bub. It is so. (thing,

Rus. Still, of their learned stuffe, they care for no-

But how to know, as negligent of their bodies

In dyet, or else, especially in their cloths,

As if they had no change.

Pip. They have so little

As well may free them from the name of shifters.

Fis. Monsieur *Latorche?*

Lat. How is it, learned Gentlemen, with both your vertues?

Bub. A most happy houre, when we see you, sir.

Lat. When you heare me then

It will be happier; the Duke greets you both

Thus, and though you may touch no money, Father,

Yet you may take it.

Rus. 'Tis his highnesse bounty,

But yet to me, and these that have put off

The world, superfluous.

Fis. We have heard of late of his highnesse good successe.

Bub. And gratulate it.

Lat. Indeed he hath scap'd a strange Conspiracy,

Thanks to his Stars; which Stars he prayes by me,

You would again consult, and make a Judgement

On what you lately erected for my love.

Rus. Oh, Sir, we dare not.

Fis.

Fif. For our lives.
Bub. It is the Princes Scheame.
Lat. T'incounter with that feare,
Here's to assure you, his Signet, write your names,
And be secured all three.
Bub. We must intreat some time, sir,
Lat. I must then intreat it, be as present as you can.
Fif. Have you the Scheame here?
Lat. Yes.
Ruf. I would you had sir another Warrant.
Dat. What would that do? (sinesse
Ruf. Marry we have a Doctor sir, that in this bu-
Would not performe the second part.
Lat. Not him that you writ to me of?
Ruf. The very same.
Lat. I should have made it, sir, my suite to see him,
Here is a Warrant Father, I conceiv'd
That he had solely applyed himself to Magick.
Ruf. And to their studies too sir, in this field,
He was initiated, but we shall hardly
Draw him from his chaire.
Lat. Tell him he shall have gold. (sweare
Fif. Oh, such a fillable would make him to for-
Ever to breath in your sight.
Lat. How then?
Fif. Sir, he if you do please to give him any thing,
Must have't convey'd under a paper.
Ruf. Or left behind some book in his study.
Bub. Or in some old wall.
Fif. Where his Familiars may tell him of it, and that pleases
Bub. Or else Ile go and assay him. (him, Sir.
Lat. Take gold with you.
Ruf. That will not be amisse; give it the Boy, Sir,
He knowes his holes, and how to baite his Spirits.
Pip. We must lay in severall places, Sir.
Ruf. That's true, that if one come not the other may hit.
Lat. Well, go then, is he so learned, Gentlemen.
Fif. The very top of our profession; mouth of the fates,

Pray Heaven his Spirits be in a good humor to take.
They'le fling the gold about the house elſe.
Bub. I, and beat the Fryer if he go not well
Furniſht with holy-water.
Fiſ. Sir, you muſt obſerve him.
Bub. Not croſſe him in a word, for then he's gone.
Fiſ. If he doe come, which is hazard, yet
Maſſe he's here, this is ſpeed.

Enter Norbert, Ruſſe, Pippeau.

Nor. Where is our Scheme,
Let's ſee, diſpatch, nay fumbling now, who's this?
Ruſ. Chiefe Gentleman of the Dukes Chamber, Doctor.
Nor. Oh, let him be, good even to him, he's a Courtyer,
Ile ſpare his Complement, tell him, what's here?
The geniture Nocturnall, Longitude
At forty nine and ten minutes? How are the Cardines?
Fiſ. Libra in twenty foure forty foure minutes,
And Capricorne.
Nor. I ſee it, ſee the Planets,
Where, how are they diſpos'd, the? Sun and Mercury,
Mars with the Dragons tayle in the third houſe,
And pars Fortune in the *Imo Cœli*,
Then Jupiter in the twelve, the Cacodemon.
Bub. And Venus in the ſecond *Inferna Porta.*
Nor. I ſee it, peace, then Saturne in the Fifth,
Luna i'th Seventh, and much of Scorpio,
Then Mars his *Gradium*, riſing in th'aſcendent,
And joyn'd with Libra too, the houſe of Venus,
And *Juniu Cœli*, Mars his exaltation
In the ſeventh houſe, Aries being his naturall houſe
And where he is now ſeated, and all theſe ſhew him
To be the Almuter.
Ruſ. Yes, he's Lord of the Geniture,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomeys* way,
Or *Meſſethales*, *Lael*, or *Alkindus*.
Fiſ. No other Planet hath ſo many dignities
Either by himſelfe, or in regard of the Cuſpes.

Nor.

Nor. Why hold your tongue then if you know it; Venus
The Lady of the Horoſcope, being *Libra*
The other part, Mars rules: So that the geniture,
Being Nocturnall, Luna is the higheſt,
None elſe being in ſufficient dignity,
She being in Aries in the Seventh houſe,
Where Sol exalted, 'is the Alchoroden.
Bub. Yes, for you ſee he hath his Termine
In the degrees where ſhe is, and enjoyes
By that, ſix dignities.
Fiſ. Which are cleerly more
Than any elſe that view her in the Scheame.
Nor. Why I ſaw this, and could have told you too,
That he beholds her with a Trine aſpect
Here out of Sagitary, almoſt partly,
And how that Mars out of the ſelfeſame houſe,
(But another Signe) here by a Platique aſpect
Lookes at the Hilege, with a Quartile ruling
The houſe where the Sun is; all this could I
Have told you, but that you'le outrun me, & more,
That this ſame Quartile aſpect to the Lady of life,
Herein the ſeventh, promiſes ſome danger,
Cauda Draconis being ſo neere Mars,
And *Caput Algell* in the houſe of Death.
Lat. How Sir? I pray you cleare that.
Nor. What is the queſtion firſt?
Ruſ. Of the Dukes life, what dangers threaten him?
Nor. Apparent, & thoſe ſuddaine, when the Hyley
Or Alchorodon by direction come
To a Quartile oppoſition of the place
Where Mars is in the Geniture (which is now
At hand) or elſe oppoſe to Mars himſelf; expect it.
Lat. But they may be prevented.
Nor. Wiſdome only
That rules the Stars, may do it; for Mars being
Lord of the Geniture in Capricorne,
Is, if you marke it, now a Sextile here,

With

With Venus Lady of the Horoſcope.
So ſhe being in her Exilium, which is Scorpio,
And Mars his Gaudium, is ore rul'dby him,
And cleare debilitated five degrees
Beneath her ordinary power, ſo
That, at the moſt ſhe can but mittigate.
Lat. You cannot name the perſons bring this danger?
Nor. No, that the Stars tell us not, they name no man,
That is a worke, ſir, of another place.
Ruf. Tell him whom you ſuſpect, and hee'le gueſſe ſhrewdly.
Lat. Sir, we do feare one *Aubrey*; if 'twere he
I ſhould be glad; for we ſhould ſoon prevent him.
Fiſ. I know him, the Dukes kinſman, a tall man?
Lay hold of 't *Norbret*.
Nor. Let me pauſe a little,
Is he not neare of kin unto the Duke?
Lat. Yes reverend Sir.
Lat. Fart for your reverence, keep it till then; and ſomewhat
Lat. He is ſo. (high of ſtature?
Nor. How old is he?
Fiſ. About ſeven and fifty.
Nor. His head and beard inclining to be grey.
Lat. Right, Sir.
Fiſ. And fat?
Nor. He is ſomewhat corpulent, is he not?
Lat. You ſpeak the man, ſir.
Nor. Well, look to him, farewell. *Exit Norb.*
Lat. Oh, it is *Aubrey*; gentlemen, I pray you,
Let me receive this under all your hands.
Ruf. Why, he will ſhew you him in his Magick glaſſe
If you intreate him, and but gratifie
A Spirit or two more.
Lat. He ſhall eat gold
If he will have it, ſo ſhall you all; ther's that
Amongſt you firſt, let me have this to ſend
The Duke in the meane time; and then what ſights
You pleaſe to ſhew; Ile have you ſo rewarded

As never Artists were, you shall to Court
Along with me, and there wait your fortunes.
Bub. We have a pretty part of't in our pockets;
Boy we will all be new, you shall along to. *Exeunt.*

ACT. IIII. SCÆ. III.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, Edith.

Mat. Good Madam heare the suit that *Edith* urges,
With such submisse beseeches; nor remaine
So strictly bound to sorrow for your sonne,
That nothing else, though never so befitting,
Obtaines your eares, or observation.
Sop. What would she say? I heare.
Edith. My suit is, Madam,
That you would please to thinke aswell of Justice
Due to your sonnes revenge, as of more wrong added
To both your selves for it, in only grieving.
Th'undaunted power of Princes, should not be
Confin'd in deedlesse cold calamity;
Anger, the Twinne of sorrow, in your wrongs
Should not be smother'd, when his right of birth
Claimes th'ayre as well, and force of comming forth.
Sop. Sorrow is due already, Anger never
Should be conceived but where it may be borne
In some fact fit t'employ his active flame,
That else consumes who beares it, and abides
Like a false starre that quenches as it glides.
Ed. I have such means t'employ it as your wish
Can thinke no better, easier, or securer;
And such as but th'honors I intend
To your partakings, I alone could end:
But your parts in all dues to crying blood
For vengeance in the shedder, are much greater;

And therefore ſhould worke your hands to his ſlaughter,
For your conſent to which, t'were infinite wrong
To your ſevere and moſt partiall Juſtice,
To move you to forget ſo falſe a ſonne,
As with a mothers duty made you curſe him.

Mat. Edith, he is forgot, for any ſon
Borne of my mother, or to me a brother.
For ſhould we ſtill performe our rights to him
We ſhould partake his wrongs, and as fonle be
In blood and damned paricide as he.
And therefore tell the happy meanes that heaven
Puts in thy hand, for all our long'd for freedome
From ſo abhorr'd and impious a monſter.

Sop. Tell what ſhe will; I'le lend nor hand nor eare
To whatſoever heaven puts in her power.

Exit Sophia.

Mat. How ſtrange ſhe is to what ſhe chiefly wiſhes?
Sweet *Edith* be not any thought the more
Diſcourag'd in thy purpoſe, but aſſured
Her heart and prayers are thine; and that we two
Shall be enough to all we wiſh to doe.

Ed. Madam, my ſelfe alone, I make no doubt
Shall be afforded power enough from heaven
To end the murtherer: all I wiſh of you,
Is but ſome richer ornaments and Jewels
Than I am able to provide my ſelfe,
To helpe out the defects of my poore beauty;
That yet hath been enough, as now it is,
To make his fancy mad with my deſire?
But you know, Madam, women never can,
Be too faire to torment an amorous man;
And this mans torments I would heighten ſtill,
Till at their higheſt he be fit to kill.

Mat. Thou ſhalt have all my Jewels and my mothers,
And thou ſhalt paint too, that his bloods deſire
May make him periſh in a painted fire;
Haſt thou been with him yet?

Ed.

Ed. Beene with him? no;
I set that houre backe to haste more his longing?
But I have promis'd to his instruments,
The admittance of a visit at our house,
Where yet I would receive him with all lustre
My sorrow would give leave to, to remove
Suspition of my purpose.
Mat. Thou shalt have
All I can adde, sweet wench, in Jewels, tyres,
I'le be my selfe thy dresser, nor may I
Serve my owne love with a contracted husband
More sweetly, nor more amply than maist thou
Thy forward will with his bewitch'd affections:
Affects thou any personall ayde of mine
My noblest *Edith*?
Ed. Naught but your kinde prayers
For full effect and speed of my affaire.
Mat. They are thine, my *Edith* as for me, my own;
For thou well know'st, if blood shed of the best
Should coole and be forgotten, who would feare
To shed blood still? or where (alas) were then
The endlesse love we owe to worthy men?
Ed. Love of the worthiest ever blesse your highnesse. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCÆ. I.

Enter Rollo with a glasse, Aubrey, and servants.

Rol. I never studied my glasse till now,
It is exceeding well; now leave me; cozen,
How takes your eye the object?
Aub. I have learn'd
So much sir of the Courtier, as to say
Your person do's become your habit;
But being called unto it by a noble warre,
Would grace an armour better.

Rol. You are ſtill
For that great Art of which you are the maſter;
Yet, I muſt tell you, that to the encounters
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring
As troubled blood, feares mixt with flattring hopes,
The danger in the ſervice to as great
As when we are to charge quite through and through
The body of an Army.

Aub. I'le not argue
How you may ranke the dangers, but will die in't,
The ends which they arrive at, are as diſtant
In every circumſtance, as farre as honor
Is from ſhame and repentance.

Rol. You are ſower?

Aub. I would ſpeake my free thoughts, yet not appeare ſo;
Nor am I ſo ambitious of the title
Of one that dares talke any thing that was
Againſt the torrent of his owne opinion,
That I affect to ſpeake ought may offend you;
And therefore gracious Sir, be pleaſed to thinke
My manners or diſcretion have inform'd me
That I was borne, in all good ends, to ſerve you;
And not to checke at what concernes me not:
I looke not with ſore eyes on your rich out-ſide,
Nor wracke my thoughts to find out to what purpoſe
'Tis now employ'd; I wiſh it may be good,
And that, I hope, offends not for a ſubject
Towards his Prince in things indifferent;
To uſe the auſtereneſſe of a Cenſuring *Cato*
Is arrogance, not freedome.

Rol. I commend
This temper in you, and will cheriſh it,

Ent. Hamond with leters.

They come from *Rome*, *Latorch* imployed you?

Ham. True Sir.

Rol. I muſt not now be troubled with a thought
Of any new deſigne; good *Aubrey* reade 'em,

And

And as they ſhall direct you, uſe my power,
Or to reply or execute,
Aub. I will ſir.
Rol. And Captaine, bring a ſquadron of our guard
To th'houſe that late was *Baldwins*, and there wait me.
Ham. I ſhall.
Rol. Some two houres hence.
Ham. With my beſt care.
Rol. Inſpire me Love, and be thy diety
Or ſcorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'ſt me. (*Exit Rollo.*
Ham. My ſtay to do my duty, may be wrongs
Your Lordſhips privacy.
Aub. Captaine, your love
Is ever welcome; I intreat your patience
While I peruſe theſe.
Ham. I attend your pleaſure.
Aub. How's this, a plot on me?
Ham. What is contain'd
In th'letters that I brought, that thus tranſports him?
Aub. To be wrought on by Rogues, and have my head
Brought to the axe by knaves that cheate for bread?
The Creatures of a paraſite, a ſlave;
I finde you heare *Latorch*, not wonder at it;
But that this honeſt Captaine ſhould be made
His inſtrument, afflicts me; I'le make triall
Whether his will or weakneſſe made him doe it.
Captaine you ſaw the Duke when he commanded
I ſhould do what theſe letters did direct me,
And I preſume you thinke I'le not neglect
For feare or favour, to remove all dangers
How neere ſoever that man can be to me
From whom they ſhould have birth.
Ham. It is confirm'd.
Aub. Nor would you Captaine, I believe, refuſe,
Or for reſpect of thankefulneſſe, or hopes,
To uſe your ſword with fulleſt confidence
Where he ſhall bid you ſtrike.

Ham. I never have done.
Aub. Nor will I thinke.
Ham. I hope it is not queſtion'd.
Aub. The means to have it ſo, is now propos'd you:
Draw, ſo, 'tis well, and next cut off my head.
Ham. What meanes your Lordſhip?
Aub. 'Tis for the Dukes pleaſure:
My innocence hath made me dangerous,
And I muſt be remov'd, and you the man
Muſt act his will.
Ham. I le be a traytor firſt, before I ſerve it thus.
Aub. It muſt be done,
And that you may not doubt it, there's your warrant.
But as you read, remember *Hamond*, that
I never wrong'd one of your brave profeſſion;
And, though it bee not manly, I muſt grieve
That man of whoſe love I was moſt ambitious
Could find no object of his hate but me?
Ham. It is no time to talke now, honor'd Sir,
Be pleas'd to heare thy ſervant, I am wrong'd,
And cannot, being now to ſerve the Duke,
Stay to expreſſe the manner how; but if
I doe not ſuddenly give you ſtrong prooſes,
Your life is dearer to me than my owne,
May I live baſe, and dye ſo: Sir your pardon. *Exit Hamond.*
Aub. I am both waies ruin'd, both waies mark't for ſlaughter
On every ſide, about, behinde, before me,
My certaine fate is fix't: were I a knave now,
I could avoid this: had my actions
But meere relations to their owne ends, I could ſcape now:
Oh honeſty! thou elder child of vertue,
Thou ſeed of heaven, why to acquire thy goodneſſe
Should malice and diſtruſt ſticke thornes before us,
And make us ſwim unto thee, hung with hazards?
But heaven is got by ſuffering, not diſputing;
Say he knew this before hand, where am I then?
Or ſay he do's not know it, where's my Loyalty?

I know his nature, troubled as the Sea,
And as the Sea devouring when he's vex'd,
And I know Princes are their own expounders.
Am I afraid of death? of dying nobly?
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?
Have I met death in all his formes, and feares,
Now on the points of swords, now pitch'd on lances?
In fires, and stormes of arrows, battels, breaches,
And shall I now shrink frō him, when he courts me
Smiling and full of Sanctity? I'le meet him;
My loyall hand and heart shall give this to him,
And though it beare beyond what Poets feigne
A punishment, duety shall meet that paine;
And my most constant heart to do him good,
Shall check at neither pale affright, nor bloud.

Enter Messenger.

Messen. The Dutchesse presently would crave your presence.

Aubrey. I come; and *Aubrey* now resolve to keep
Thy honor living, though thy body sleep. *Exit.*

ACT. V. SCÆ. II.

Enter Edith, a Boy, and a Banquet set out.

Edith. Now for a Fathers murther, and thy ruine,
All chastity shall suffer if he raigne;
Thou blessed soule, look down, and steele thy daughter,
Look on the sacrifice she comes to send thee,
And through the bloudy cloud behold my piety,
Take from my cold heart feare, from my sex pitty,
And as I wipe theses teares off, shed for thee,
So all remembrance may I loose of mercy;
Give me a womans anger bent to bloud,
The wildnesse of the winds to drown his prayers,
Storme like may my destruction fall upon him,
My rage like roving billowes as they rise,
Powr'd on his soule to sinke it, give me flattery,
(For yet my constant soule neer knew dissembling.

Flattery

Flattery the food of Fooles, that I may, rocke him
And lull him in the Downe of his desires;
That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,
His heaven forgot, and all his lusts upon him,
My hand, like thunder from a could, may seize him.
I heare him come, go boy, and entertaine him.

Enter Rollo.

Song.

Take, Oh take those lips away
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes, like breake of day,
lights that doe mislead the Morne,
But my kisses being againe,
Seales of love, though seal'd in vaine.

Hide, Oh hide those hils of Snow,
which thy frozen blossome beares,
On whose tops the Pincks that grow
are of those that April weares.
But first set my poore heart free,
bound in those Ioy chaines by thee.

Rol. What bright star, taking beauties forme upon her,
In all the happy lustre of heavens glory,
Ha's drop'd downe from the Skye to comfort me?
Wonder of Nature, let it not prophane thee
My rude hand touch thy beauty, nor this kisse;
The gentle sacrifice of love and service
Be offer'd to the honor of thy sweetnesse
Edith. My gracious Lord, no diety dwells here,
Nor nothing of that vertue, but obedience,
The servant to your will affects no flattery.
Rollo. Can it be flattery to sweare those eyes
Are loves eternall lamps he fires all hearts with?
That tongue the smart string to his bow? those sighes
The deadly shafts he sends into our soules?

Oh

Rol. So you please sit by me.
Faire gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee,
The excellency that appeares upon thee
Tyes up my tongue: pray speake to me.
Ed. Of what sir?
Rol. Of any thing, any thing is excellent;
Will you take my directions? speake of love then;
Speake of thy faire selfe *Edith*; and while thou speak'st,
Let me, thus languishing, give up my selfe wench.
Ed. H'as a strange cunning tongue, why doe you sigh sir?
How masterly he turnes himselfe to catch me?
Rol. The way to Paradise, my gentle maide,
Is hard and crooked, scarce Repentance finding,
With all her holy helpes, the dore to enter.
Give me thy hand, what dost thou feele?
Ed. Your teares sir.
You weepe extreamly; strengthen me now justice,
Why are these sorrowes sir?
Rol. Thou't never love me
If I should tell thee, yet there's no way left
Ever to purchase this blest Paradise,
But swimming thither in these teares.
Ed. I stagger.
Rol. Are they not drops of blood?
Ed. No.
Rol. Th'are for blood then
For guiltlesse blood, and they must drop, my *Edith*,
They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mischiefes.

Oh, looke upon me with thy spring of beauty.
Ed. Your grace is full of game.
Rollo. By heaven, my *Edith*,
Thy mother fed on Roses when she bred thee.
Ed. And thine on brambles that have prick'd her heart out.
Rollo. The sweetnesse of the Arabian winde still blowing
Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,
In all their pride and pleasures call thee Mistris.
Ed. Wil't please you sit sir?
Rol. So you please sit by me.
Faire gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee,
The excellency that appeares upon thee
Tyes up my tongue: pray speake to me.
Ed. Of what sir?
Rol. Of any thing, any thing is excellent;
Will you take my directions? speake of love then;
Speake of thy faire selfe *Edith*; and while thou speak'st,
Let me, thus languishing, give up my selfe weneh.
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Rol. The way to Paradise, my gentle maide,
Is hard and crooked, scarce Repentance finding,
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Ever to purchase this blest Paradise,
But swimming thither in these teares.
Ed. I stagger.
Rol. Are they not drops of blood?
Ed. No.
Rol. Th'are for blood then
For guiltlesse blood, and they must drop, my *Edith*,
They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mischiefes.

Ed. If this be true, I have no strength to touch him.
Rol. I prethee looke upon me, turne not from me;
Alas I doe confesse I'me made of mischiefe,
Begot with all mans miseries upon me;
But see my sorrowes, made, and doe not thou,
Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softnesse,
Whose true condition, tendernesse of nature.
Ed. My anger melts, Oh, I shall lose my justice.
Rol. Do not thou learne to kill with cruelty,
As I have done to murther with thy eyes,
(Those blessed eyes) as I have done with malice,
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorne,
(As I deserve it Lady) for my true love,
When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,
Take heed my sorrowes, and the stings I suffer;
Take heed my nightly dreames of death and horrour
Persue thee not: no time shall tell thy griefes then,
Nor shall an houre of joy adde to thy beauties.
Looke not upon one as I kill'd thy father,
As I was smear'd in blood, do not thou hate me,
But thus in whitenesse of my wash't repentance,
In my hearts teares and truth of love to *Edith*,
In my faire life hereafter.
Ed. He will foole me.
Rol. Oh with thine angell eyes behold and close me,
Of heaven we call for mercy and obtaine it;
To Justice for our right on earth and have it;
Of thee I beg for love, save me, and give it.
Ed. Now heaven thy helpe, or I am gone for ever,
His tongue ha's turn'd me into melting pity.

Enter Hamond and Guard.

Ham. Keepe the doores safe, and upon paine of death
Let no man enter till I give the word.
Guard. We shall sir. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Here he is in all his pleasure; I have my wish
Rol. How now? why dost thou stare so?
Ed. A helpe, I hope.

Rol.

Rol. What doſt thou here? who ſent thee?
Ham. My brother, and the baſe malicious Office
Thou mad'ſt me doe to *Aubrey*, pray.
Rol. Pray?
Ham. Pray; pray if thou canſt pray, I ſhall kill thy ſoule
Pray ſuddenly. (elſe,
Rol. Thou can'ſt not be ſo trayterous.
Ham. It is a Juſtice; ſtay Lady;
For I perceive your end; a womans hand
Muſt not rob me of vengeance.
Ed. 'Tis my glory.
Ham. 'Tis mine, ſtay, and ſhare with me; by the gods, *Rollo*,
There is no way to ſave thy life.
Rol. No?
Ham. No, it is ſo monſtrous, no repentance cures it.
Rol. Why then thou ſhalt kill her firſt, and what this blood
Will caſt upon thy curſed head.
Ham. Poore Guard ſir.
Ed. Spare not brave Captaine.
Rol. Feare, or the divell ha's thee.
Ham. Such feare ſir as you gave your honor'd mother,
When your moſt vertuous brother, ſhaeild like, held her;
Such I'le give you, put her away.
Rol. I will not, I will not die ſo tamely. (thee.
Ham. Murtherous villaine, wilt thou draw ſeas of blood upon
Ed. Feare not, kill him good Captaine, any way diſpatch
Him, my body's honor'd with that ſword that through me,
Sends his blacke ſoule to hell: Oh, but for one hand.
Ham. Shake him off bravely.
Ed. He's too ſtrong, ſtrike him.
Ham. Oh, am I with you Sir? now keepe you from him,
What ha s he got a knife.
Ed. Looke to him Captaine, for now he will be miſchievous.
Ham. Do you ſmile Sir?
Do's it ſo tickle you? have at you once more.
Ed. Oh bravely thruſt; take heed he come not in Sir;
To him againe, you give him too much reſpite.

Rollo.

Rol. Yet will you ſave my life, and I'le forgive thee.
And give the all, all honors, all advancements,
Call thee my friend.
Ed. Strike, ſtrike, and heare him not,
His tongue will tempt a Saint.
Rol. Oh, for my ſoules ſake.
Ed. Save nothing of him.
Ham. Now for y our farewell,
Are you ſo warry? take you that.
Rol. Thou, that too;
Oh thou haſt kil'd me baſely, baſely, baſely. *(Dyes.*
Ed. The juſt reward of murther falls upon thee.
How doe you Sir? ha's he not hurt you?
Ham. No, I feele not any thing.
Aub. I charge you let us paſſe. *within.*
Guard. You cannot yet ſir.
Aub. I'le make way then.
Guar. We are ſworne to our Captaine, and till he give the word.
Enter Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, Lords and attendants.
Ham. Now let them in there.
Sop. Oh, here he lies,
Sorrow on ſorrow ſeekes me, Oh, in his blood he ly'es.
Aub. Had you ſpoke ſooner
This might have beene prevented;
Take the Dutcheſſe,
And leade her off, this is no ſight for her eyes
Mat. Oh, bravely done wench.
Ed. There ſtands the noble doer.
Mat. My honor ever ſeeke thee for thy juſtice,
Oh 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,
A juſtice even for heaven to envy at,
Farewell my ſorrowes, and my teares take truce,
My wiſhes are come round: Oh bloody Brother,
Till this houre never beauteous; till thy life,
Like a full ſacrifice for all thy miſchiefes,
Flow'd from thee in theſe rivers, never righteous:
Oh how my eyes are quarride with their joyes now?

My longing heart even leaping out for lightneſſe,
But dye thy black ſins with thee. I forgive thee.
Aub. Who did this deed?
Him. I, and I'le anſwer it. *Dies.*
Edi. He faints, oh that ſame curſed knife has kil'd him.
Aub. How?
Ed. He ſnatch'd it from my hand, for whom I bore it,
And as they grapell'd.
Aub. Juſtice is ever equall,
Had it not been on him, th'adſt dy'd too honeſt.
Did you know of his death?
Ed. Yes, and rejoyce in't.
Aub. I'me ſory for your youth then; though the ſtrictneſſe
Of Law ſhall not fall on you, that of life
Muſt preſently, go to a Cloyſter, carry her,
And there for ever lead your life in penitence.
Ed. Beſt Father to my ſoule, I give you thankes, ſir,
And now my faire revenges have their ends,
My vowes ſhall be my kin, my prayers my friends. *Exit.*

Enter Latorche, and Juglers.

Lat. Stay there, I'le ſtep in and prepare the Duke.
Nor. We ſhall have brave rewards?
Fiſ. That is without queſtion.
Lat. By this time wher's my huffing friend Lord *Aubrey*?
Where's that good Gentleman? oh, I could laugh now,
And burſt my ſelfe with meere imagination;
A wiſe man, and a valiant man, a juſt man;
To ſuffer himſelfe be juggl'd out of the world,
By a number of poor Gipſeys? farewell Swaſh-buckler,
For I know thy mouth is cold enough by this time;
A hundred of ye I can ſhave as neatly,
And nere draw bloud in ſhew: now ſhall my honor,
My power and vertue walke alone: my pleaſure
Obſerv'd by all, all knees bend to my worſhip,
All ſutes to me as Saint of all their fortunes,
Prefer'd and crowded too, what full place of credit,
And what place now? your Lordſhip? no, 'tis common,

But that I'le thinke to morrow on; now for my buſineſſe.

Aub. Whoſe there?

Lat. Dead, my Maſter dead? *Aubrey* alive too?

Guard. *Latorche*, Sir.

Aub. Seize his body.

Lat. My Maſter dead?

Aub. And you within this halfe houre;
Prepare your ſelfe good devill, you muſt to it,
Millions of gold ſhall not redeeme thy miſchiefe,
Behold the Juſtice of thy practice, villaine;
The maſſe of murthers thou haſt drawn upon us:
Behold thy doctrine; you look now for reward, ſir,
To be advanc'd, I'em ſure, for all your labours?
And you ſhall have it, make his gallows higher
By ten foot at the leaſt, and then advance him.

Lat. Mercy, mercy.

Aub. 'Tis too late foole,
Such as you ment for mee, away with him. *He is led out.*
What gaping knaves are theſe, bring 'em in fellows.
Now, what are you?

Nor. Mathematitians if it pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Aub. And you drew a figure?

Fiſ. We have drawn many.

Aub. For the Duke, I meane; ſir *Latorches* knaves you are.

Nor. We know the Gentleman.

Aub. What did he promiſe you?

Nor. We are paid already.

Aub. But I will ſee you better paid, go whip them.

Nor. We do beſeech your Lordſhip, we were hyr'd.

Aub. I know you were, and you ſhall have your hyre;
Whip 'em extremely, whip that Doctor there,
Till he record himſelfe a Rogue.

Nor. I am one, Sir.

Aub. Whip him for being one, and when th'are whip't,
Lead 'em to the gallows to ſee their patron hang'd;
Away with them. *They are lead out.*

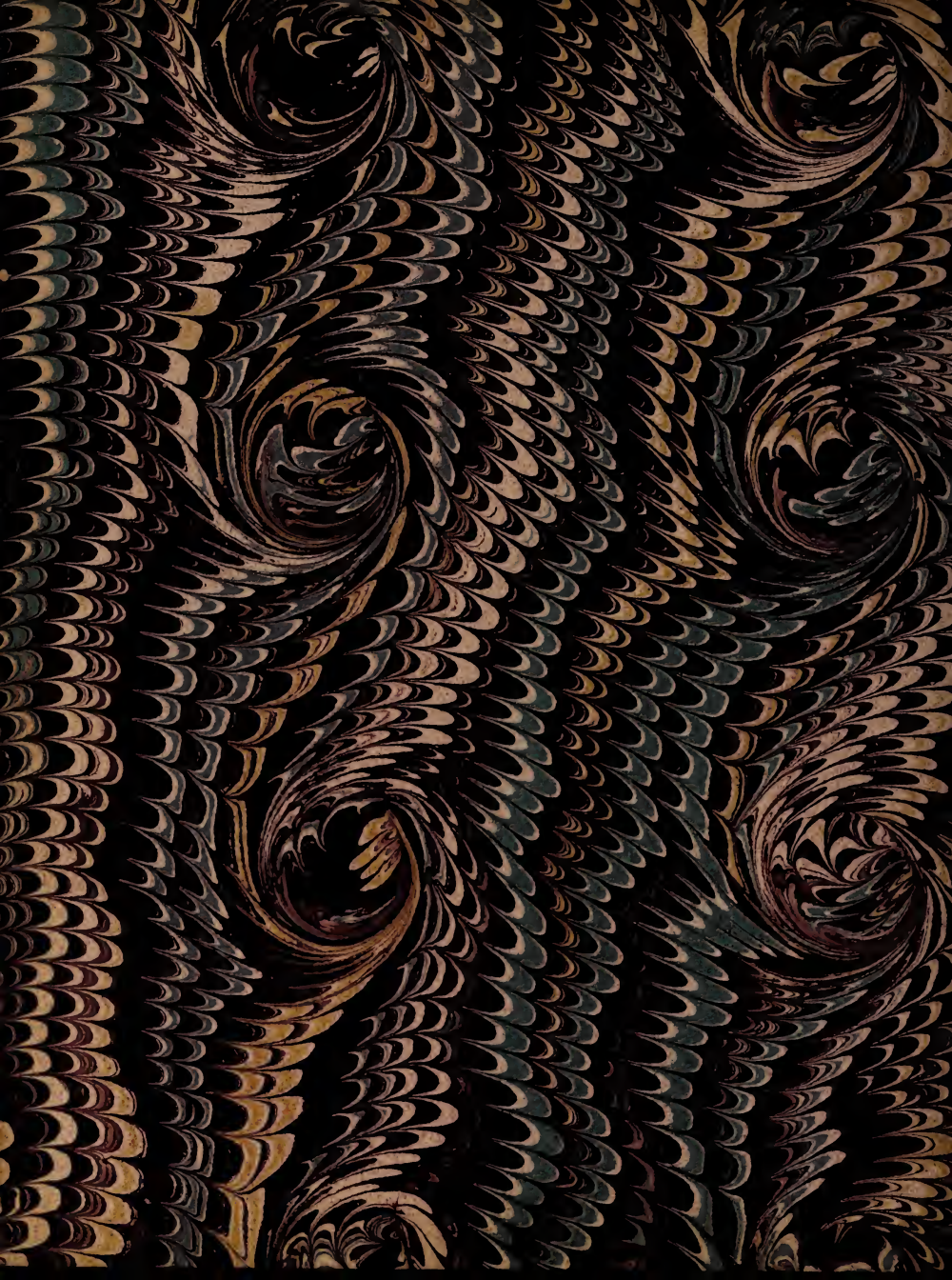
Nor. Ah, good my Lord.

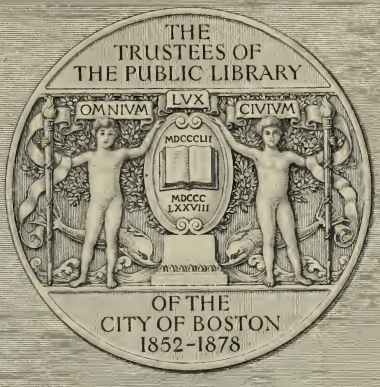
Aub.

Aub. Now to mine own right, Gentlemen.
Lord 1. You have the next indeed, we all confeſſe it,
And here ſtand ready to inveſt you with it.
Lord 2. Which to make ſtronger to you, and the ſurer,
Then bloud or miſchiefes dare infringe againe,
Behold this Lady, Sir, this noble Lady,
Full of the bloud as you are, of that neereneſſe,
How bleſſed would it be?
Aub. I apprehend you, and ſo the faire *Matilda* dare accept
Me her ever conſtant ſervant.
Mat. In all pureneſſe,
In all humility of heart and ſervices,
To the moſt noble *Aubrey*, I ſubmit me.
Aub. Then this is our firſt tye, now to our buſineſſe.
Lord 1. We are ready all to put the honor on you, Sir.
Aub. Theſe ſad rights muſt be done firſt, take up the bodyes,
This, as he was a Prince, ſo Princely funerall
Shall waite upon him: on this honeſt Captaine,
The decency of armes; a teare for him too.
So, ſadly on, and as we view his blood,
May his Example in our Rule raiſe good.

FINIS.

FINIS.





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